This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Bulletin Reciter

Digitized by Google

BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Rex Ingoldsby.

R. V. Blakemore.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Bulletin Library

Edited by A. G. STEPHENS

Castro's Last Sacrament, and Other Stories, *5s., post free.* By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

The Bulletin Story Book, *5s., post free.*

The Bulletin Reciter, *5s. 4d., post free.*

A Book of Bulletin Verse. [*In Preparation.*

The Bulletin's Book of Australia. [*In Preparation.*

Such is Life, by JOSEPH FURPHY. [*In Preparation.*

OTHERS TO FOLLOW.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Bulletin Reciter

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE BULLETIN RECITER.

[*To face Title-Page.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Bulletin Reciter

A COLLECTION OF VERSES FOR RECITATION

FROM "THE BULLETIN"

[1880–1901]

SYDNEY, MCMII

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, LIMITED, PUBLISHERS

Digitized by Google

The contents of this Book were originally published in THE BULLETIN. *The following verses have been republished—*

"Off the Grass" (p.7), "How We Won the Ribbon" (p.183), "A Scotch Night" (p.232) in FAIR GIRLS AND GRAY HORSES: WITH OTHER VERSES; Sydney, The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited, 1898.

"What the Bottle Said" (p.123) in THE WAYS OF MANY WATERS; Sydney, The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited, 1899.

"The Anarchist" (p.128) in MAORILAND: AND OTHER VERSES; Sydney, The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited, 1899.

"The Road to Wyoming" (p.145) in STARLIGHT SONGS; London, Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., 1895.

"Bashful Gleeson" (p.166) in RHYMES FROM THE MINES AND OTHER LINES; Sydney, Angus and Robertson, 1896.

"Skeeta" (p.170) in WHERE THE DEAD MEN LIE, AND OTHER VERSES; Sydney, Angus and Robertson, 1897.

"The Currency Lass" (p.176) in THE CIRCLING HEARTHS; Sydney, The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited, 1901.

"The Tugs of Simpsonville" (p.193), "The Bush Missionary" (p.218), in HITS! SKITS! AND JINGLES! Sydney, The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited, 1899.

"Faces in the Street" (p.213) in A GOLDEN SHANTY; Sydney, The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited, 1890. Also in IN THE DAYS WHEN THE WORLD WAS WIDE AND OTHER VERSES; Sydney, Angus and Robertson, 1896.

"The Last Bullet" (p.221) in A GOLDEN SHANTY; Sydney, The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited: also (as "Virginius") in HOW HE DIED AND OTHER POEMS; Sydney, Turner and Henderson, 1887.

Copyright, 1901, by The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited.

Digitized by Google

918
B9365
bul

Prefatory

THE risk and expense of this publication are undertaken by the Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited. Should any profits accrue, a share of forty per cent. will be credited to the writers represented.

Owing to the length of time which, in certain cases, has elapsed since the original publication in THE BULLETIN, *the names and addresses of some of the writers have been lost sight of; and their work appears over pen-names. The editor will be glad if these writers will communicate with him. Suggestions for revision or improvement of the recitations or of the book will be gratefully received.*

THE BULLETIN RECITER *is copyrighted by The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited; and the contents must not be reprinted without the permission of the proprietors.*

Office of THE BULLETIN,
214 George Street, Sydney, Australia,
1st December, 1901.

611

Digitized by Google

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BULLETIN RECITER - - - - "*Hop*"
To Face Title-Page

THAT DAY AT BOILING DOWNS - - - *Fred Leist*
To Face Page 16

A LEGEND OF THE DARGO - - - *Fred Leist*
To Face Page 42

HOW M'DOUGAL TOPPED THE SCORE - - *A. J. Fischer*
To Face Page 54

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE - - - - "*Hop*"
To Face Page 71

BUCKED OFF ITS BRAND - - - - *A. J. Fischer*
To Face Page 88

THE HOW-WE-BEAT-THE-FAVOURITE AFFLICTION *Hugh McCrae*
To Face Page 106

MY MATE BILL - - - - - *Norman Lindsay*
To Face Page 122

THE HAIRY MAN OF KOORAWATHA - - *A. J. Fischer*
To Face Page 142

BOKO - - - - - - - *Fred Leist*
To Face Page 158

HOW WE WON THE RIBBON - - - *Norman Lindsay*
To Face Page 186

TAMBAROORA - - - - - - *D. H. Souter*
To Face Page 202

THE BUSH MISSIONARY - - - - *A. J. Fischer*
To Face Page 220

A SCOTCH NIGHT - - - - - *D. H. Souter*
To Face Page 233

Digitized by Google

LIST OF RECITATIONS.

		Page
The Billiard-Marker's Yarn	*Edmund Fisher*	1
Spell Oh!	*W. E. Carew*	5
Off the Grass	*Will H. Ogilvie*	7
The Brumby's Death	*Ethel Mills*	12
That Day at Boiling Downs	*Jack Mathieu*	14
The Bellbird Rang Her Home	*Randolph Bedford*	17
Out Back	*P. P. Quinn*	19
After the Flood	*Dora Wilcox*	22
A Stranger at the U	*J. Crawford*	28
Sinking	"*Bendee*"	31
The Whirligig of Time	*T. H. Ord*	34
Sold-Up	*C. H. Souter*	38
A Legend of the Dargo	*W. Long*	39
In the Face of the Dead	*Ethel Castilla*	43
The Man with Rubber Pedals	"*Mc G.*"	44
In the Dead-Letter Office	*R. Stewart*	48
How M'Dougal Topped the Score	*Thos. E. Spencer*	51
Marian's Child	*J. S. Neilson*	56
The Man Who Told You So	"*Styx*"	59
A Sea Tragedy	*F. Rollett*	61

Digitized by Google

		Page
THE SILENCE OF MULLOCK CREEK	*Edward Dyson*	62
WHEN MOTHER CALLS TO DINNER	*"Uloola"*	66
M'GINTY'S HAPPY THOUGHT	*E. J. Dempsey*	67
A SONG OF GOLD	*Dora Wilcox*	68
THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE	*"P. Luftig"*	70
STOKIN'	*"Quilp N."*	72
WHERE ARE MY DOLLARS GONE?	*"P. Luftig"*	77
WATTLE FLAT	*Cecil Poole*	78
WING FAT	*"Alone"*	81
THE WOMAN SPEAKS	*Ambrose Pratt*	83
CONSOLATION	*L. R. Macleod*	84
AT THE DIGGINGS STORE	*R. A. F.*	85
BUCKED OFF ITS BRAND	*R. A. F.*	87
THE PRICE OF A KISS	*Elsie Espinasse*	89
MICK DOOLEY'S PANTS	*G. Essex Evans*	91
THE BALLAD OF STUTTERING JIM	*Samuel Chall White*	93
LIFE'S PARADOXES	*"P. Luftig"*	101
WHEN DACEY RODE THE MULE	*"The B."*	103
THE HOW-WE-BEAT-THE-FAVOURITE AFFLICTION	*N. M. O'Donnell*	105
GIG FOURS	*"Mc G."*	107
DON'T LET THE MOTH GET IN	*T. A. Wilson*	110
THE WINNER OF THE SQUATTERS' CUP	*Frank Bellman*	112

Digitized by Google

		Page
THE THREE ROADS	*Victor J. Daley*	114
CHRISTMAS BELLE	*"John Carew"*	116
MY MATE BILL	*G. H. Gibson*	120
WHAT THE BOTTLE SAID	*E. J. Brady*	123
A GERMAN LAMENT	*"Bendee"*	126
THE ANARCHIST	*Arthur H. Adams*	128
THE FALL OF PATRICK DOOLEY	*E. J. Dempsey*	132
THE JESTER OF THE DAMNED	*J. H. Greene*	134
THE HAIRY MAN OF KOORAWATHA	*"Tom Freeman"*	140
A BIG "BUST"	*Edward Dyson*	143
A TIGHT CORNER	*C. H. Souter*	144
THE ROAD TO WYOMING	*Evelyn Threlfall*	145
JIM JAMIESON, OF TRINGABAR	*"Pan"*	150
THE MALLEE FIRE	*C. H. Souter*	152
AMONG THE PALMS	*"Hesketh"*	154
DREAMS AND DEEDS	*E. J. Dempsey*	155
BOKO	*"Curlew"*	156
"DUNNO!"	*Bernard Espinasse*	160
THE FAT MAN AND THE WAR	*"Magnet"*	161
THE SHOE	*J. M. L.*	163
THE COCKY'S HANDY MAN	*"Ben Sun"*	164
BASHFUL GLEESON	*Edward Dyson*	166

Digitized by Google

		Page
SKEETA	*Barcroft Boake*	170
THE CURRENCY LASS	*Roderic Quinn*	176
THE CONFIDENTIAL JOCKEY	*Francis Kenna*	179
HOW WE WON THE RIBBON	*Will H. Ogilvie*	183
A TWISTED IDYL	*Frank Morton*	187
THE TUGS OF SIMPSONVILLE	*W. T. Goodge*	193
THE SICK CAB-RIDER	*Edmund Fisher*	197
TAMBAROORA	*"Bendee"*	202
FATHER RILEY'S HORSE	*A. B. Paterson*	203
O'TOOLE AND M'SHARRY	*Thomas E. Spencer*	209
FACES IN THE STREET	*Henry Lawson*	213
THE BUSH MISSIONARY	*W. T. Goodge*	218
THE LAST BULLET	*John Farrell*	221
THE HONEYMOON TRAIN	*A. G. Stephens*	229
THE MURDER-NIGHT	*Hugh McCrae*	231
A SCOTCH NIGHT	*Will H. Ogilvie*	232

Digitized by Google

LIST OF WRITERS.

		Page
ADAMS, ARTHUR H.	*The Anarchist*	128
"ALONE"	*Wing Fat*	81
BEDFORD, RANDOLPH	*The Bellbird Rang Her Home*	17
BELLMAN, FRANK	*The Winner of the Squatters' Cup*	112
"BENDEE"	*Sinking*	31
,,	*A German Lament*	126
,,	*Tambaroora*	202
"BEN SUN"	*The Cocky's Handy Man*	164
BOAKE, BARCROFT	*Skeeta*	170
BRADY, E. J.	*What the Bottle Said*	123
CAREW, W. E.	*Spell Oh!*	5
CASTILLA, ETHEL	*In the Face of the Dead*	43
CRAWFORD, J.	*A Stranger at the U*	28
"CURLEW"	*Boko*	156
DALEY, VICTOR J.	*The Three Roads*	114
DEMPSEY, E. J.	*M'Ginty's Happy Thought*	67
,,	*The Fall of Patrick Dooley*	132
,,	*Dreams and Deeds*	155
DYSON, EDWARD	*The Silence of Mullock Creek*	62
,,	*A Big "Bust"*	143
,,	*Bashful Gleeson*	166

Digitized by Google

		Page
ESPINASSE, BERNARD	*"Dunno!"*	160
ESPINASSE, ELISE	*The Price of a Kiss*	89
EVANS, G. ESSEX	*Mick Dooley's Pants*	91
FARRELL, JOHN	*The Last Bullet*	221
FISHER, EDMUND	*The Billiard-Marker's Yarn*	1
,,	*The Sick Cab-Rider*	197
GIBSON, G. H.	*My Mate Bill*	120
GOODGE, W. T.	*The Tugs of Simpsonville*	193
,,	*The Bush Missionary*	218
GREENE, J. H.	*The Jester of the Damned*	134
"HESKETH"	*Among the Palms*	154
J. M. L.	*The Shoe*	163
"JOHN CAREW"	*Christmas Belle*	116
KENNA, FRANCIS	*The Confidential Jockey*	179
LAWSON, HENRY	*Faces in the Street*	213
LONG, W.	*A Legend of the Dargo*	39
MACLEOD, L. R.	*Consolation*	84
"MAGNET"	*The Fat Man and the War*	161
MATHIEU, JACK	*That Day at Boiling Downs*	14
MC CRAE, HUGH	*The Murder-Night*	231
"MC G."	*The Man with Rubber Pedals*	44
,,	*Gig Fours*	107

Digitized by Google

		Page
MILLS, ETHEL	*The Brumby's Death*	12
MORTON, FRANK	*A Twisted Idyl*	187
NEILSON, J. S.	*Marian's Child*	56
O'DONNELL, N. M.	*The How-We-Beat-the-Favourite Affliction*	105
OGILVIE, WILL H.	*Off the Grass*	7
,,	*How We Won the Ribbon*	183
,,	*A Scotch Night*	232
ORD, T. H.	*The Whirligig of Time*	34
"PAN"	*Jim Jamieson, of Tringabar*	150
PATERSON, A. B.	*Father Riley's Horse*	203
"P. LUFTIG"	*The Woman of the Future*	70
,,	*Where are My Dollars Gone?*	77
,,	*Life's Paradoxes*	101
POOLE, CECIL	*Wattle Flat*	78
PRATT, AMBROSE	*The Woman Speaks*	83
"QUILP N."	*Stokin'*	72
QUINN, P. P.	*Out Back*	19
QUINN, RODERIC	*The Currency Lass*	176
R. A. F.	*At the Diggings Store*	85
,,	*Bucked Off its Brand*	87
ROLLETT, F.	*A Sea Tragedy*	61
SOUTER, C. H.	*Sold-Up*	38
,,	*A Tight Corner*	144
,,	*The Mallee Fire*	152

Digitized by Google

		Page
SPENCER, THOS. E.	*How M'Dougal Topped the Score*	51
,,	*O'Toole and M'Sharry*	209
STEPHENS, A. G.	*The Honeymoon Train*	229
STEWART, R.	*In the Dead-Letter Office*	48
"STYX"	*The Man Who Told You So*	59
"THE B."	*When Dacey Rode the Mule*	103
THRELFALL, EVELYN	*The Road to Wyoming*	145
"TOM FREEMAN"	*The Hairy Man of Koorawatha*	140
"ULOOLA"	*When Mother Calls to Dinner*	66
WHITE, SAMUEL CLIALL	*The Ballad of Stuttering Jim*	93
WILCOX, DORA	*After the Flood*	22
,,	*A Song of Gold*	68
WILSON, T. A.	*Don't Let the Moth Get In*	110

Digitized by Google

THE BILLIARD-MARKER'S YARN.

IT was the billiard-marker of the Gin and Cloves Hotel—
A sandy man, with tender feet, no doubt you know him well—
Who told this simple story, in his plain, straightforward way,
Of the disappointed shepherds and the lamb who went astray.

"The meanest skunk," said Thomas (that's the worthy marker's name),
"As ever came in here to play a dirty sneakin' game,
Was a swell we called 'the Kernel'—a tollollish breed of bloke,
Who never said 'Good-day' but what he'd offer one a smoke.

"You must know this 'ere Kernel used to lounge about the room,
A-talking of his 'orses, and his kerridges, an' groom;
He didn't sport no joolrey except a slap-up ring,
And if we had a pool he'd drop his shillings like a king.

"Three months or so I'd know'd 'im, when I put it to the chaps,
As the Kernel might be good to work a swindle on, perhaps;

Digitized by Google

For he give me the impression that he fancied he 'd a show
To hold his own at billiards with old Chorley Clitheroe.

"Old Chor—there ain't his equal for puttin' through a toff—
Had been 'avin' friendly games with Mr. Kernel on and off;
And when the Kernel beat him, then the old 'un used to kid
As he hadn't got no nerve for playin' billiards like he did.

"So the boys they sit and watch 'em, O! so quiet and subdood,
And remark, in stagey whispers, as the Kernel was '*too good*,'
And how he seemed a gentleman wot was n't up to snuff,
Or else he 'd land old Chorley for a tidy lump o' stuff.

"But the Kernel did n't seem to want to have no money down;
At first the most he played for was a modest 'arf-a-crown;
And when the game was over, let him win or let him lose,
He was sure to ask the company to order in their booze.

"Yer can't make brass by *drinking*—we was almost in despair
Of gettin' at our juggins with the 'igh and mighty air—
When at last he says to Chorley: 'Will you play me for a stake?'
And Chorley, after kiddin', said he would—for 'friendship's sake.'

Digitized by Google

"A 'level thousand up' for fifty sovereigns was the game;
Old Chor. put down his 'pony' and the Kernel did the same;
A doctor held the money and was chose as referee,
And the boys rolled up next night the bloomin' sacrifice to see.

"We brought up Ikey Gizzard ('im they call the Golden Dook)
And several other chaps as makes a ready-money book,
And if we loored the Kernel and his party on to bet
We was promised 'arf the sugar what the layers was to get.

"The Kernel had a crowd of toffs to come and see him play;
They backed him for their tenners, when they heard what we'd to say
Before the game commenced; and when he got in front of Chor.
By thirty points, or so—we made 'em back 'im for some more.

"O' course we kept on kiddin' that old Chorley was a muff,
And the toffs, quite fresh and innercent, kept pilin' on the stuff;
But when I called 'six hundred h'all,' I sez to Chor., I says,
'Don't you notice some improvement in the way the Kernel plays?'

Digitized by Google

"'Well, when you come to mention it,' says Chorley, 'I believe
This covey *has* been keepin' of a trifle hup his sleeve,
So I think it will be safer now to let him 'ave more show.
Just tip the wink to Ikey, and I 'll teach 'em all I know.'

"Then Chorley has a brandy, and he don't put down his cue
Until he plays a purty little break of *sixty-two!*
'A hundred pound to forty!' shouts out Ikey, when he 'd done.
The Kernel took that wager, and the trouble then begun.

"For he catches up to Chorley and he works a bit ahead,
And he has a sudden genius for a-shovin' down the red:
He never leaves Chor. nothing but a blessed 'double baulk'—
To cut the story short, the Kernel did us in a walk.

"The bookies dropped 'three-fifty,' altogether, on the deal,
And of course they had to settle, howsoever they might *feel*;
The Kernel shouted fizz, and said he 'd never played so well—
While all as Chorley uttered was the hexclamation ''ell!'

"They never come again, not after doin' of the trick,
And to talk about the Kernel turns my stummick fairly sick;
All faith in human nature and religion it destroys
When a masher has the meanness to come robbin' of the boys."

EDMUND FISHER.

Digitized by Google

SPELL OH!

'TWAS in the Fraser country, where the coast is wild
and strange;
And swagging up the long divide that leads to Day-
break Range
We came, and reached the saddle where the steep rise
starts to slow;
Then dropped our loads and, resting, gazed upon the
gorge below.

And out beyond we looked towards the faintly-gleaming
sea,
Along the dim horizon-line where forests cease to be;
And from the white-fringed coast there came the soft, per-
sistent sound
Of countless sighs that dying waves breathed o'er their
burial-ground.

And then, in strangest humour, borne on Fancy's win-
some feet,
Far, far away from Daybreak Range I paced the crowded
street;
The countless thousands passed along with loads that
bent the back—
They carried more than "eighty" as they struggled up
the track!

Digitized by Google

Some were, alas! so feeble that they fainted by the way;
And some rushed wildly through the throng with gestures of dismay;
And some there were of giant strength who seemed to walk in sleep,
And slowly crept with crushing loads in trance unconscious, deep.

And some I saw whose faces held no human destiny—
Pale spectres of the men that once they fondly hoped to be;
And some there were but young in years, yet from whom Hope had fled,
To leave them, careless of their chains, in all but seeming dead!

Then suddenly a sound was heard that thrilled that toiling band—
A voice that, clear as trumpet-call, went speeding o'er the land;
And men whose ears were longtime dulled by Labour's iron knell
Stopped still with leaping hearts, to hear the cry of "Spell oh! Spell!"

Then loads were dropped, and weary forms sank panting on the ground,
And Care a moment ceased to brood as respite sweet was found;
Whilst haggard faces, in the flush of rest, shone almost fair,
And silent tongues were loosed, and babbled music on the air!

Digitized by Google

And then I woke, or seemed to wake, and on the column pressed,
Whilst at its head some unseen band played softly hymns of rest;
And in their homes the women of that dumb and awful crowd
With wasted fingers swiftly sewed another worker's shroud.

But oft at night, when heaven hangs close, there echoes strangely clear
Some semblance of that clarion-call that speaks the good time near
When voice of man, or voice of God, in accents all may tell,
Shall waken every deadened soul with cry of "Spell oh! Spell!"

W. E. CAREW.

OFF THE GRASS.

THEY were boasting on the Greenhide of their nags of fancy breed,
And stuffing them with bran and oats to run in Gumleaf Town;
But we had n't got a racehorse that was worth a dish of feed,
So did n't have a Buckley's show to take the boasters down.

Digitized by Google

For old Midnight was in Sydney, and we couldn't get him up
In time for Gumleaf Races if it *had* been worth our while;
The Chorus colt was far too light to win the Gumleaf Cup,
And we did n't own a hackney that could finish out the mile.

But we could n't watch them win it while we never had a say,
So we mustered up the horses, and we caught old Myall King;
He 's as brave as ever galloped, but he 's twelve if he 's a day,
And we could n't help but chuckle at the humour of the thing.

But, though shaky in the shoulders, he 's the daddy of them all;
He 's the gamest bit of horseflesh from the Snowy to the Bree;
One of those that 's never beaten, coming every time you call:
One of those you sometimes read about but very seldom see.

He 's the don at every muster and the king of every camp;
He 's the lad to stop the pikers when they take you on the rush;

Digitized by Google

And he loves the merry rattle of the stockwhip, and the tramp
Of the cock-horned mulga scrubbers when they're breaking in the brush.

He can foot the Greenhide brumbies if they take a mile of start,
And if they get him winded in a gallop on the plain
He 's as game as any lion, and he carries such a heart
You can never say he 's beaten, for he 'll always come again !

So we put up Jack the Stockman with his ten pounds overweight,
And he lengthened out the leathers half-a-foot and gave a smile :
" I don't suppose you 'll see us when they 're fairly in the straight,
But we 'll make the beggars travel, take my oath ! for half-a-mile."

And they started, and the old horse jumped away a length in front,
And every post they came to gave the brown a longer lead,
Till it seemed that there was nothing else but Myall in the hunt,
With his load of station honour and his weight of mulga feed !

Digitized by Google

Then the bay mare, Bogan Lily, started out to cut him down;
She had travelled out five hundred miles to win the Gumleaf Cup,
And she could n't well get beaten by a hack in Gumleaf Town
When she had to pay expenses for her owner's journey up.

So she started out to catch the old brown camp-horse from the Bush,
And a furlong from the finish she could nose his rider's knee,
Then you should have heard the shouting of the Bogan Lily push,
And the flinging of their hats up was a sight for you to see!

But old Myall King had often been as nearly beat before,
And he steadied off a little, while the mare shot out ahead;
Then he shook his ears and gripped the bit—you should have heard us roar
As he came at Bogan Lily with his flanks a streak of red!

And the little bay mare, beaten, gave him best and threw it up;
And we heard her rider murmur, as he saw the brown horse pass

Digitized by Google

And Jack the Stockman drop his hands and win the Gumleaf Cup—
"Beat by a hungry cripple of a camp-horse, off the grass!"

Then we led him in a winner, and they cheered him from the stand,
With the black sweat running channels from his fore-arm to his foot,
And the white foam on his shoulder till you could n't see the brand,
And the crimson bloodstains scattered over spur and flank and boot.

So we carried off the honours of the meeting—*and the notes;*
And the men on Greenhide River, when they see our fellows pass,
Will tell you this in whispers, "You can train your nags on oats;
But be careful when you 're racing those dashed scrubbers off the grass!"

WILL H. OGILVIE.

Digitized by Google

THE BRUMBY'S DEATH.

'TWAS only last night I was leading them westward
O'er hills bathed in moonlight, thro' forests of gloom,
Past reed-beds that sang by the deep water-courses,
Thro' thickets of starry-white jasmine in bloom;
My beautiful troop! with their wind-toss'd manes flying,
Their hoofs flashing fire as they wheeled on the plain—
Ah! never thro' desert or bird-haunted forest
Shall I lead them in moonlight or shadow again.

It was only last night that we came to the clearing:
The blaze of the camp-fire—our halt in surprise,
And the whirr and the sting of the death-dealing bullet,
The last maddened gallop, the fast-dimming eyes.
Then *I* sank on the reed-beds, *they* fled in the darkness
Still westward—their hoof-beats seemed ringing my knell;
Was there one, do you think, gave a thought to the leader
Who, stricken and helpless, lay still where he fell?

I had led them of yore to the hills of grey granite;
I knew where the creepers hung thick o'er the pass
That led to the vale in the heart of the mountains—
The clear, crystal river—the green slopes of grass.
Ah, me! those were days when we met in the morning
And galloped in glee while the sweet breezes sang,
And the echoes came up from the hollow, red ridges
As over the gravel our hoofs lightly rang.

Digitized by Google

I can follow in fancy their flight thro' the darkness—
  Bereft of their leader, still hurried by fear :
Will they wander till lights of some lonely out-station
  Shine out, or a horse-bell sounds far off, yet clear?
Will they turn then and, seeking the swampland behind
    them,
  Forget their wild panic in longing for me,
And hasten to guard me?—for bright eyes are gleaming
  And swift shadows hasten past thicket and tree.

How weirdly the dingoes are howling around me!
  The wings of a night-hawk brushed lightly my mane;
The eagles will shriek for their feast on the morrow,
  But my troop will be with me, nor leave me again
Till these dim eyes grow bright, and far to the westward
  I lead them, forgetting this night and its fear . . .
They are slow—they are late—ah! I would that they
    hasten—
  The stealthy night prowlers draw silently near.

. . . . . .

Far away in the hills that have guarded so firmly
  The granite-ringed pastures the wild horses know,
They are feeding knee-deep in the grass and the clover
  While red grows the east from the dawn's tender glow.
And another as leader looks proudly around him,
  Sleek-skinned and fleet-footed, well fit to be head;
But far in the reed-beds the eagles have gathered . . .
  One might have remembered as westward they fled!

ETHEL MILLS.

Digitized by Google

THAT DAY AT BOILING DOWNS.

HE was driving Irish tandem, but perhaps I talk at random—
I 'd forgotten for a moment you are not all mulga-bred ;
What I mean 's he had his swag up through his having knocked his nag up ;
He had come in off the Cooper—anyhow that 's what he said.

And he looked as full of knowledge as a thirty-acre college
As he answered to the question—" How 's things look the way you come ? "
" Well, they *were* a trifle willing for a bit. There 's been some killing ;
In fact, *I* 'm the sole survivor of the district . . . mine 's a rum ! "

Then we all got interested in the chap as he divested
Himself of a fat puppy that he carried in his shirt ;
But he said no more until he had put down his swag and billy,
And had taken off his bluchers just to empty out the dirt.

Bits of cork were tied with laces round his hat in many places,
Out of which he gave the puppy some refreshment, and began—

Digitized by Google

"Sammy Suds was bound'ry-riding, quite content and law-abiding,
Till he bought some reading-matter one day off a hawker man.

"Then he started to go ratty, and began to fancy that he
Was an Injun on the warpath; so he plaited a lassoo,
Shaved and smeared his face with raddle, and knocked up a greenhide saddle,
After creeping on his belly through the grass a mile or two.

"Then he decked himself in feathers, and went out and scalped some wethers—
Just to give himself a lesson in the sanguinary art;
Sammy then dug up the hatchet, chased a snake but could n't catch it,
Killed his dog, lassooed a turkey, scalped the cat and made a start.

"And he caused a great sensation when he landed at the station;
And the boss said, 'Hello! Sammy, what the devil 's up with you?'
'I am Slimy Snake the Snorter! wretched pale-face, crave not quarter!'
He replied, and with a shot-gun nearly blew the boss in two.

"Next, the wood-and-water joey fell a victim to his bowie,
And the boss's weeping widow got a gash from ear to ear;

Digitized by Google

And you should have seen his guiver when he scalped the bullock-driver
And made openings for a horse-boy, servant-maid, and overseer.

"Counting jackaroos and niggers, he had put up double figures,
When ensued his awful combat with a party of new-chums,
All agog to do their duty, with no thought of home or beauty—
But he rubbed them out as rapid as a school-boy would his sums.

"Out across the silent river, with some duck-shot in his liver,
Went the store-man, and a lassooed lady left in the same boat.
Sam then solved the Chinese question—or at least made a suggestion—
For he dragged one from a barrel by the tail and cut his throat.

"But, with thus the job completed, Sammy he got over-heated
And dropped dead of apoplexy—I felt better when he did!
For I 'd got an awful singeing while I watched this mulga engine
Doing all that I 've related—through a cracked brick oven-lid.

Digitized by Google

THAT DAY AT BOILING DOWNS!

[*To face Page 16.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

And when now I find men strangled, or I come across
the mangled
Corpses of a crowd of people or depopulated towns,
Or ev'n a blood-stained river, I can scarce repress a
shiver,
For my nerves were much affected that day out on
Boiling Downs."

JACK MATHIEU.

THE BELLBIRD RUNG HER HOME.

AH! 't was God-time in September, in that perfumed
hazel belt,
Where the musk-leaves, thick and waxen, from their two
sides throw the scent,
And the supplejack's star blossoms in the endless dewings
melt—
When a bird said "Love" so often that a child knew
what he meant;
When cream-cheeked Polly Ryan made her angel eyes
terrene
As I told her of the load of everlasting love I bore,
And her glance made Heav'n seem open, and the road-
side's dewy sheen
Was to me as pearls which never grew, but *are* for evermore.

Digitized by Google

And she said, "Your kiss is folly!"
But she meant it not, my Polly,
And we kissed adown that roadside, past the grass edge and its loam;
And, deep from glen of fern,
As we loitered at the turn,
The bellbird rung us from the kiss—the bellbird rung us home!

Oh! 't is Death-time in this March time, but the bellbird rings his bell—
In glad deceit from mossy floors the silver note he sends,
And the sky is hodden grey and my heart it is in hell,
And but another bellbird to the past a memory lends;
And death-cheeked Polly Ryan no more hath eyes terrene,
For her eyes are stars in Heaven, and their glance the night winds bear;
And to me no Heav'n is open! On her grave the dewy sheen
Is as pearls that faintly glisten in the dusk of my despair!
And no more my kiss is "folly,"
For Death's kiss hath dumbed sweet Polly,
And the bellbird that hath rung her to the grave-edge, and its loam,
Calls no more from glen of fern—
For she left me at the turn;
And the bellbird rung us from the kiss—the bellbird rung her home!

RANDOLPH BEDFORD.

Digitized by Google

OUT BACK.

WE dumped our swags by the river-side when the sun was getting low;
To reach the boys on the other side we had four good miles to go;
But the winding stream that before us stretched ran sluggishly and wide—
'T was a hundred yards from where we sat to the sand on the other side.
The tailings washed from the claims above had sullied the waters clear,
And thicker and thicker they slowly ran as year succeeded year;
My mate and myself wished heartily we had reached the further shore—
The trip was the first he had made on the track, but I had been there before.

A raw new-chum of the boasting type, in his stockings six-feet-two;
He never tired while he "held the flute" of telling what he could do—
He had pulled a win with an Oxford eight; had hunted on Yorkshire side;
Had played with the Gents on the Oval, too; and Lord knows what beside!

Digitized by Google

"Had never been taken in, bai Jove!"—he was "far too smart, you know"—
Was a lot too good to carry a swag, and plainly told me so.
A fortnight back I had picked him up, stone-broke on the Sydney side,
And we swagged it out to fossick a creek I knew by this river wide.

"I think I 'll swim it, bai Jove!" he said, and glanced at the opposite side;
"I 've swum the Rhine by the Drachenfels, and that is four times as wide."
Then he stacked his togs—they were few, Lord knows!—on the log beside me there,
And turned to dive in the murky stream with a proud, heroic air.
"I would n't dive for fear of the rocks," I grinned as I said to him;
"But just walk out till you get your depth, and then you can safely swim."
"A good idea, old chap!" says he; "for the water is beastly thick"—
And then he stepped in the sluggish stream, and stepped at the double-quick.

The first step covered his toes, I think; the next he was ankle deep;
While I struggled hard with a laughing fit in trying my peace to keep.

Digitized by Google

Then, bending low, he prepared to swim when the water
reached his knees,
With arms drawn up and his unkempt hair adrift on the
evening breeze.
Ten paces out—and the water still just reached to his
ankles bare,
While he went prepared for the sudden drop in the
depths that he knew were there.
Half-way across—and his ankles trim still fathomed the
mighty flood;
He threw a suspicious glance behind, and just for a
moment stood.

Then on he went with a cautious stride, while around
his spacious feet
The waters mingled with drifting sand and the three-inch
wavelets beat.
He faced about on the other shore—he found he was
fairly "had,"
And the words that fell from that naked man were the
sublimate of bad.
Then to wade across I tucked my pants—they were
getting for wear the worse,
While my robeless mate who had swum the Rhine swore
hard at the universe.
He cursed the stream and cursed the sand as he fiercely
paced the shore—
'T was the first gay time he had crossed that creek, but I
had been there before.

P. P. QUINN.

Digitized by Google

AFTER THE FLOOD.

HERE, in this bend of the creek, in the rushes and long lush grasses,
Wild white violets nestle, and musk in the water-weeds;
Here there is stillness, and shelter—for the wandering wind as it passes
Is caught by the tall green flax, and dies in the raupo and reeds.

Only the roar of the creek, half-hidden in flax and toi,
Swirling in deep, dark pools under the nigger-head;
Only the bleat of sheep, and the distant drover's coo-ee,
Only the bark of dogs, to break the sleep of the dead!

Shelter, and stillness, else; and over the level plain,
Over the hedges and homesteads, and paddocks of wheat and rye,
Shoulder and peak and glacier, range upon range again,
Blue rise the Alps in the distance, kissing the soft blue sky . . .

This is the place where we found him—here, with his face to the skies,
Cast by the furious flood like a broken straw on the bank;
Here at the pitiless sun he stared with unseeing eyes—
Neither despairing nor pleading, but horribly, hopelessly blank.

Digitized by Google

Snow?—we had plenty of snow that winter of 'seventy-one:
Snow on the lowlands, and snow on the highlands, and snow on the range;
Never a month of spring, for all with a rush and a run,
Winter changed into summer—folk called it a cursèd change:

For a warm nor'easter blew the whole of a windy week,
Melted the Alpine snows, and after a day of doubt,
We woke in the noisy night to the rush and roar of the creek—
Woke in the wild, wet night to know that the floods were out.

We in the homestead watched, after that weary night,
Waited and watched through the day while the water rose to the door;
Watched, while the children shouted, and welcomed the flood with delight—
Sailed their paper-boats, and paddled about on the floor.

On rushed the yellow flood, crashing, and dashing, and hurling
Timber, and logs, and posts, in the whirl of the foaming deep;
Then, as the day wore on, we heard thro' the roar of the swirling,
Piteous, the low of cattle, and terrified bleat of sheep.

Digitized by Google

Then, when the flood went down, the road and the paddocks were strewn
With timber and broken branches, half-buried in silt and mud;
Carcases hither and thither, palings and posts torn down,
And the wild flowers crushed and broken, to trace the course of the flood.

This is the place where he lay with his wan, white face to the skies,
Caught here against a gorse-stump amongst the reeds on the bank;
Here to the pitiless sun he stared with unseeing eyes,
Neither despairing nor pleading, but horribly, hopelessly blank.

And here we stood in silence, the shepherd Jim and I—
Stood, and stared at the stillness in the staring face of the dead;
And Jim knelt down in the rushes, and closed the expressionless eye,
And covered the corpse with his coat—"For the sake of the mother," he said.

Only a pipe in his pocket, and matches sodden and damp;
Never a mark nor sign to trace him, his home, or his name;
"Only a swagger!" we heard; and nobody misses a tramp
Houseless and friendless—who cared whither he went or came?

Digitized by Google

We buried him here where we found him, for the parson
was miles away,
While the wild wind rustled the flax-blades, and gorse-
blossoms scented the air;
Here, with the drooping wild-flowers, that glorious sweet
spring day,
We left the nameless swagger, with never a dirge nor prayer.

Gentleman, swagger, clown—what difference perishing
thus?
In the face of the pitiful present, what were the things of
the past?
Gentle or simple—what matter? it was nothing to him or
to us:
We are all of us gentle, maybe, and simple too, at the last!

What were the odds to him? Did it fare with him better
or worse,
Rolled like a log down the creek, choked by the fierce
yellow wave,
Flung in the ooze on the bank, caught in a snag of the gorse,
Laid by ungentle hands away in a nameless grave?

Yet the shepherd Jim and I had looked on the face of the
dead,—
Looked on the dogged jaw, and forehead solid and square:
There was will in the resolute mouth, and brain in the
massive head—
Drowned like a rat in the creek, and that power and
intellect there!

Digitized by Google

And somewhere, out in the distance, was there a mother or wife
Waiting, and watching, and praying, as only women can pray;—
Waiting, and watching, and praying in vain for a wasted life,
For that unknown tramp who perished—how many miles away?

What was the good of it all?—of intellect, power and strength?
What had he done with his life? Why was he born to the world?
What was the use of it all?—to live for a space, and at length
Lie like a log in the mud where the refuse and rubbish are hurled?

Ay, you may weep and pray, you women, and weep again,
Weep for the wasted talent, weep for the useless life!
The whole wide world weeps with you, the whole world's tears are vain
Even as yours, O Mother! even as yours, O Wife!

We plod through the daily routine, we see in our own dull way
That our useless lives are useful in the life of the human race;
Our influence lasts for ever, our virtues and vices may
Bear fruit in our children's children, and set them each in his place.

Digitized by Google

Oh, answerless riddle of riddles! as the purposeless years
rolled by
We also have vexed our souls since the human epoch
began,
Who live, eat, drink, and are merry, who suffer, and sin,
and die,
Content to be amongst many—then how for the hundredth
man?

The man who should rise and lead us, the many, the
common crowd,
Who should leave his mark upon us by right of a stronger
brain;
The man who, with broader thought and higher feeling
endowed,
Was—only an unknown swagger, whose existence was void
and vain!

Ah, well! let him sleep in peace where the water-weeds
and the mosses
Nestle under the raupo in the quiet bend of the creek;
Life is a difficult thing with its longings, its loves, and its
losses . . .
May Death prove an easier matter to all of us, strong or
weak.

DORA WILCOX.

Digitized by Google

A STRANGER AT THE U.

HE was guileless in his manner—'t was a style the boys admired,
And he told, in simple language, how his feelings had been fired
By the news of nuggets waiting, in numbers not a few,
For any simple stranger that might strike the I.O.U.—
The golden I.O.U.
Where they put the wash-dirt through
The rattling, creaking shakers in the gullies round the U.

With a smile of easy confidence he told the boys around
That his native place was Albany upon King George's Sound,
And he 'd left his father's flocks and herds, and poison grass, and such,
To know the world in general, and come in closer touch
At the diggings on the U.
With the hardy men and true
That caught the unobtrusive weight in sieves upon the U.

It was moved by Mick M'Carthy, hailing from the Sydney side,
That O'Doolan be the stranger's friend, philosopher, and guide;
And that every information be furnished him about
Our little recreations when the week had given out—

Digitized by Google

For we hoped to put him through
In a manner that would do
Lasting credit to the boys that were assembled on the U.

He was led by invitation to the two-up on the flat,
That was decently conducted by a pug. from Ballarat;
And he said, in wild astonishment, he thought that kindly Fate
Had other joys in store for him than looking for the weight;
Yes, he would gladly do
A modest hand or two
In the interesting school that was established on the U.

It was sad to see him betting in the confidence of youth,
For the grey was rung upon him—though with disregard for truth
I could palliate my statement, yet the morals that I hold
Force me to the free confession that he was completely sold
By the boys upon the U.,
Who thought to make him rue
His first attempt at two-up, as played upon the U.

We were flush with paper money when it got too dark to play,
For the brumby changed his fivers in a wildly reckless way;
Though it didn't seem to strike us, in anxiety to win,
That we 'd all been taking flimsies, and were giving change in tin

Digitized by Google

To the stranger at the U.,
With the crispy notes and new
He circulated freely 'mong the diggers on the U.

Paddy Grady's "Hessian Palace" was a scene of wild delight,
And we drank the shypoo deeply, till the lateness of the night
Suggested a retirement; but O'Doolan swore a round
Should be drunk in grateful honour of the latest patch we 'd found;
And he paid for the shypoo
With a crispy note and new,
He had earned by tossing pennies with a stranger on the U.

Grady took the note and scanned it, then in measured words and cold
Said the "Bank of Hope" was dying—would O'Doolan pay in gold?
And, sarcastically soothing, said he hoped the patch would give
A slightly better prospect when we put it through the sieve,
To find if one or two
Of the notes so crisp and new
Would buy a first-class coffin for the stranger on the U.

There was wailing in the shanty, and a hurried search was made
To find the gentle stranger who our kindness had betrayed;

Digitized by Google

But he 'd vanished, taking with him as a solace to the mind
Half a hundred quid in change for all the notes he 'd left behind;
And the boys of I.O.U.
Now with dark suspicion view
Every too-confiding stranger putting pegs in at the U.

J. CRAWFORD.

SINKING.

I HAD often faced a seeming
Certain death without a shiver,
And I boasted of my valour
In the pride that courts a fall—
Boasted vainly, little dreaming
That the Death-fear soon should quiver
Thro' each nerve, and stamp the pallor
Of a quaking heart o'er all. . .

Lightning flashing, thunder growling,
Queensland rain in torrents pouring,
As the midnight shift makes ready
For the eight hours' work below;
Fierce wind, thro' the whim-drum howling,
Shrieks thro' poppet-heads, and roaring
'Cross the shaft's mouth, drowns my "Steady!
Right, old man; now let her go!"

Digitized by Google

Standing upright in the bucket,
Legs astride its mounted handle,—
With my right hand tightly gripping
The old rope Jack feared to trust
With our joint weight,—by bad luck it
Chanced a drip put out my candle,
And past slimy slabs I 'm slipping
Down in darkness and disgust.

Full three hundred feet beneath me,
Like a star, I catch the glimmer
Of Jack's light, and hear him singing;
But the powder-clouds that hang
In the shaft, and now enwreath me,
Make the distant light seem dimmer—
When my bucket, in its swinging,
Strikes a slab-ledge with a bang!

And the rope between my fingers
Turns from taut to slack instanter,
And I know my weight is resting
On a quarter inch of pine;
And each second that it lingers,
With the whim-horse at a canter,
Brings a coil of slack, suggesting
That it 's time to free the chine.

"Steady! Heave up! Ho! on top, there!"
But my voice is lost in thunder,
And the slack comes coiling round me,
Reaching knee, and thigh, and hip:

Digitized by Google

And I curse, and scream out "Stop, there!
Heave-up! Jack, lad, stand from under!"
For the stranded coils surround me
And I feel the bucket slip.

As the end draws near and nearer
All my bones seem turned to marrow,
And with fear and rage I 'm choking;
For the drop means death, I know.
But one piercing shriek of terror,
Shooting upwards like an arrow,
Finds the braceman calmly smoking;
And he drawls, "What 's wrong below?"

"HEAVE-UP! May ten thousand cancers
Rot your leprous ears for ever!"
And my brain is fairly boiling,
For I hear the splinter crack.
"*Lower?* Right you are!" he answers,
And I rave as one in fever
As the slack comes coiling, coiling
Round my armpits—*tons* of slack!

As the bucket disengages,
Head and hands alike are busy;
Still I shriek a malediction
As I gasp, and drop through space!
And the seconds seem as ages
In that downward rush and dizzy.
And I feel the fiery friction
Of the air against my face.

Digitized by Google

Then a sudden jerk that almost
Tears each arm from out its socket,
(But not death itself could sunder
Such a death-grip) brings relief.
Now 't is Jack must fear the fall most,
For I hear the unhooked bucket
Crashing down below like thunder,
While I 'm trussed up like a sheaf.

Yes, the sturdy hempen strands that
Stood the fearful strain so stoutly
Still encircle me and save me.
After God, I thank the slack;
And no doubt He understands that
I would thank Him more devoutly
For the lease of life He gave me,
If He 'd steered the cask off Jack!

BENDEE.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

I CROSSED the old ford at the end of last May,
The old pub had vanished, not even a shingle
Survived of the roof, which, in years passed away,
Saw friendship and devilry strangely commingle.
The few blackened wall-posts and panels of fencing
That stand by the roadside are all that remain
To tell of old days; a new era commencing
Has ended a gold-time we 'll ne'er see again.

Digitized by Google

Then Kate was the barmaid, as handsome a girl
As any fine lady; the smile that she gave
Had put heaps of poor fellows' heads in a whirl,
And some poor unfortunates' bones in the grave.
She was worshipped, you see, by the coves all about,
Who would fight like the devil her love to secure;
And Cupid, in those days, to settle a doubt,
Had a way of his own which was certain and sure.

And Kate! why she'd drive one insane with her sighs,
With her pearly-white teeth and her lips red as coral—
She looked like a witch, in the depths of whose eyes
The light sparkled best at the sight of a quarrel.
I 'll always remember that long-ago morning,
When, down from the Bogong, young Archie Mackay
Stood joking with Kate, and, without the last warning,
Flash Jim interfered in his coarse-speaking way.

From Archie's warm heart to the roots of his hair
The fiery blood rushed, with a leap and a bound;
Like a flash he stood off, then a blow planted square
Sent Jim with a thud and an oath to the ground.
With some terrible threats the two men closed together,
A clinch and a struggle—Flash Jim did the rest,
And, snatching his knife from its sheathing of leather,
With Archie's throat gripped, drove it into his breast.

Flash Jim was the "ringer" of Moorabin shed,
And a bit of a bully—they hated him, all;
The crowd tried to rush him—he cowed them instead
And stood panting at bay, with his back to the wall.

Digitized by Google

They wavered an instant, "Stand back, or by God," he
Exclaimed, "who comes near me comes straight to his death!
I'll bury the blade of this knife in his body;
So damn you, stand off!—let a cove get his breath!"

Then he sped through the doorway and made for the creek,
And the crowd with a shout followed closely behind;
Lithe-limbed and lean-flanked, Jim could stay for a week,
A good even-timer, he sped like the wind.
They chased him through timber, to where the tall pines
Rose out of the sandhills, set close as a furze;
Right on to the range, where the setting sun shines
In a glory of crimson o'er ridges and spurs.

They lost him sometimes, till a stir of the branches
Showed where he was threading the bracken and fern,
And they followed like sleuth-hounds the trail on his haunches—
Each man as a bushman had nothing to learn;
So hard on his track pressed the resolute band,
Impelled by a mixture of justice and passion;
And the flying man knew that lynch-law, out of hand,
Would follow his capture in summary fashion.

Archie's mate, who throughout with a dogged persistence
Had followed, stopped short, and without much delay,
As he saw the tall ferns gently moved at a distance
Not greater than ten or twelve paces away—

Digitized by Google

With the skill of a sharpshooter marking a foe,
His revolver discharged—ere the smoke-cloud departed,
A body rolled down through the brushwood below,
Some twenty odd yards from the spot where it started.

The flash, the report, its wild echoes resounding,
Fast summoned the crowd who, with ringing halloo,
Scrambled down to the creek, where, the victim surrounding,
They found they had captured—a scrub-kangaroo.
Methinks I can call up the asinine change
Of expression which tortured their features that day,
And hear in the silence that fell o'er the range
Jim's wild peal of laughter die slowly away.

. . . . . .

"Where 's Archie?" you ask. Well, I guess I am he.
'Neath the folds of my shirt, here, I still bear the scar.
"And Kate?" Married years ago—married to me—
And as handsome as when she served drinks in the bar.
Here 's the landlord for orders—I 'm dry with this yabber;
Yours the same? . . . so is mine . . . Bring your own . . . How he winks!
You were asking just now what became of the stabber,
Flash Jim. Why, that 's he just gone out for the drinks.

T. H. ORD.

Digitized by Google

SOLD-UP.

"WHO 'S a biddin' for the gin-case? What d' ye say?
(All right, Missis!) Here! I'll start it at a crown!
Now then, gents! It 's going lively; fire away!
Look alive, or s'elp me bob I 'll knock it down!
Just a common bloomin' gin-case? No it ain't!
Hand it up here, Mister . . . thank ye . . . Look at it!
Half to pieces—old and shaky—not much paint;
But it ain't a *common* gin-case; not a bit.

See that lanky half-grown sapling by the door?
He 's her eldest son; six foot if he 's an inch.
But she 's rocked him in that gin-case on the floor,
An' there 's been two of 'em in it at a pinch.
And the gal out there, a-leanin' on the fence—
Them there rockers was put on when she was born.
What say? Half-a-crown, sir? You was nigh too late.
Sev'n-an'-six, gents! Look alive before its gorn.

Are you done at three half-crowns? At eight-and-six?
Just another eighteenpence to make it ten.
Much obliged, sir! See them marks there in the bricks?
Them 'ere rockers made 'em; Tom was in it then.
Well! a pound I 'm bid: I ain't agoin' to dwell;
And it 's goin' at a pound, this little bed
(Twenty-five? No half-bids, now; I 'm going to *sell!*)
Where she used to rock the little one that 's dead.

Digitized by Google

Little hands that move no longer played along
Where the wood is wore all shiny on the side
As the cradle rocked in time to mother's song;
The song she has n't sung since baby died.
No, it ain't a common gin-case, gents, this 'ere—
But it 's goin' at—two pounds, at two-p'und-ten!
Two p'und——Three!—at *five*, and *now* it is n't dear,
Except to her as used to rock it then!

. . . . . .

And it 's goin'! goin'! Third and last time—GONE!
Oh! here, missus! Here 's a present from the chaps.
What? Oh, something in it! There now, don't take on!
It may come in useful for the gal, perhaps.

C. H. SOUTER.

A LEGEND OF THE DARGO.

IT was on the Upper Dargo, in the spring of eighty-four,
That Cargoola township boasted a Salvation Army corps;
Which was needed very badly, for the Upper Dargo then
Contained a population of most irreligious men;
And the daddy of the sinners, owning neither God nor boss,
Was a grey old drunken Scotchman of the name of Sandy Ross.

Digitized by Google

Now Sandy, as a sinful man, was very hard to beat.
His oaths were fresh and fierce and strong—they scorched you with their heat.
He was drunk at early sunrise, he was drunk at sunset too;
And when drunkest told his biggest lie—he sang "We are na fou'!"
He would steal, or beg, or borrow; he was always on the cross;
And the parsons—classing sinners—gave the cāke to Sandy Ross.

But the Army girls got at him, for their hearts were in their work,
And the Hallelujah lasses have been never known to shirk
A hopeless case, an uphill fight—salute them as they pass!
For a worker of the workers is a Hallelujah lass.
So they tackled Alexander with the Story of the Cross,
And a change became apparent in the life of Sandy Ross.

Now, about this time, it happened that a direful deed was done;
For the parson's ducks they vanished—yes, they vanished one by one;
And the solitary trooper, for the honour of the force,
Spent watchful days, and sleepless nights, and sorely tried his horse;
Till at length a whisper went abroad—a calumny most gross,
And the finger of suspicion seemed to point to Sandy Ross.

Digitized by Google

But the Army would n't hear it, and they gave that yarn the lie,
When they entered Sandy boldly for the "Coming By-and-By."
Then each night upon the platform, in a broken voice and low,
He informed his fellow sinners he was "whiter than the snow."
And the parson's pretty daughter—the enthusiastic Floss,
Told her friends, in gladsome accents, "There 's a change in Mister Ross!"

Then the teacher of the State-school, who possessed a merry eye,
And had doubts of Sandy's fitness for a mansion in the sky,
Wagered gloves that, at next meeting, the converted man would scare
And demoralise the godly with a most prodigious swear.
But the girls they booked the wagers, and enthusiastic Floss
Said she felt just like a sister to the convert Mister Ross.

The night arrived, the hall was full; men spoke, and by-and-by
Came announcement from the chairman: "Brother Ross will testify!"
And Sandy rose and told once more how he excelled the snow
In whiteness—but no further in his tale could Sandy go,

Digitized by Google

For, heard by all, and seemingly proceeding from the back,
To the horror of the Army came a duck's protesting quack.

The speaker paused, and glared around, then had another try.
"I thank the"—*Quack!*—"I thank"—*Quack, quack!*—
"I thank the Lord that I
Am whiter"—*Qu-a-a-ck*—"See here, young chap!"——
then out the torrent burst,
And Sandy ripped, and tore, and swore—'t was fearsome how he cursed!

He cursed the teacher—cursed the ducks—he cursed till all was blue;
The solitary trooper came, he cursed the trooper, too;
He took his coat and waistcoat off—he would have taken more,
But the solitary trooper led him cursing to the door.
Thus, back upon society, came old-time Sandy Ross,
Fearing neither man nor devil, owning neither God nor boss.

W. LONG.

Digitized by Google

A LEGEND OF THE DARGO.

[*To face Page 42.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN THE FACE OF THE DEAD.

THE artist wins plaudits by showing
The loveliest prize of Earth's race;
His Helen with young life is glowing,
All human hopes summed in her face.
His name would be borne o'er the oceans,
His fame to the poles would be spread,
Could he add to her play of emotions
The joy in the face of the dead!

Enthroned by the love of a nation,
The actor rings clear in his part
The gamut from grief to elation;
His face is transformed by his art.
What lacks in his strong histrionic
Appeals to the heart and the head?
Whispers Death, with hoarse accent sardonic,
"The joy in the face of the dead!"

The jockey is thrilled by the thunder,
Sweet as peace after fever and fret,
That hails his great win as a wonder;
His price above rubies is set.
His face blazons forth his glad story
Whence triumph exultant is shed,
Yet its brightness is dulled by the glory
Of the joy in the face of the dead.

Digitized by Google

Enthralled by white arms, clinging kisses,
The lover quaffs passion's strong wine,
Yet, sweet as the draught is, he misses
A joy he can never define.
The rose out of Eden, the fairest,
Would come, with Love's secret flushed red,
Could he find in the eyes of his dearest
The joy in the face of the dead!

ETHEL CASTILLA.

THE MAN WITH RUBBER PEDALS.

IT has all the latest fixings—barrel hubs and narrow tread;
It weighs twenty pounds or under, is as rigid as the dead;
It 's the very newest pattern, and the very latest grade,
And it cost you all the cash that in the last three months you made.
You lead it from the agent's, and your bosom swells with pride
As you lift it from the kerbstone and you start its maiden ride . . .
Like the lightning past the tram-cars, cabs, and everything you 've sped,
When you see a man with rubber pedals plugging on ahead.

Digitized by Google

He is forty years of age, and on an antiquated crock,
Sitting upright as a soldier and as bandy as a jock;
He is wobbly, he is shifty, and he scarce knows how to ride;
His gear is less than fifty, and his handle-bars are wide.
From crank to crank his tread is eighteen inches, and his frame
Is a pattern that was popular when first the safety came;
And as you gain upon him you are thinking, "I must show
How a good man on a jigger that is up to date can go."

You fold your arms and pass him in an attitude of grace,
When the beatific smile upon his open whiskered face
Makes your conscience somehow smite you as across his track you whiz,
Lest you show him p'r'aps too harshly what an utter mug he is;
And when you think that he's about a hundred yards behind,
That man with rubber pedals goes completely from your mind,
Till a darkness at your elbow and a rattling on your ear
Shows the man with rubber pedals still is battling in the rear.

Then you think with some resentment, "This is not as it should be;
This man with rubber pedals taking all his pace from me;
Such presumption is opposed to all the canons of the game,
And if I show him up he's only got himself to blame."

Digitized by Google

So you drop your arms and lightly touch the neatly-nickeled head,
With some ankling calculated just to kill that fellow dead,
But after half a mile you are astounded still to feel
That man with rubber pedals hanging calmly on your wheel.

You argue out the question, and you 're bustled to confess
That the man is what is technically known as N.T.S.
Still, for such as he to push you is a thing you can't allow—
He has asked for pace, and, Holy Moses! won't he get it now?
You drop your head twelve inches, grip your handles tight and lift,
And as your calves and biceps swell, by Jingo, don't you shift!
Then you reckon that you 've left him and it 's nearly time to slack,
When you hear the cursed rattle of his mud-guards at your back.

He can hold his own at sprinting—that is proved beyond a doubt,
So the only way to beat him is to simply wear him out.
You set a nice two-forty bat, and to yourself you hiss:
"That man with rubber pedals can't stand many miles of this."
Then the townships travel past you and the milestones rise ahead

Digitized by Google

Till your thighs are working stiffly and you're feeling
pretty dead;
Still you force your ped'ling even and your handle-tips
you clinch,
But that man with rubber pedals has n't shifted—not an
inch.

At last, in view of "business" and the "fast-approaching
night,"
You decide 't is best for you to take the turning to the
right;
And as you swing around he passes upright as the just,
With that beatific smile of his still glowing through the
dust.

. . . . . .

Are you riding to Sans Souci? He 'll be there to "do
you bad."
He is on St. Kilda Road; and on each Western camel pad.
Be you cycling in the country, be you cycling in the town,
That man with rubber pedals will be there to take you
down.

McG.

Digitized by Google

IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

COME, rip the mail-bags open, chaps, and sort the stuff away;
A thumping mail again from Perth—we 'll have some work to-day.
Two thousand unclaimed letters here, if there 's a single one;
So bustle round the tables, boys, and get the sorting done
That we may have them opened up and let the senders know
The reason why there 's no reply come back from "Westward-Ho!"

For wives have husbands over there, and girls their sweethearts, too,
And sons who found the old land hard sought fortune in the new;
And some died in the hospitals, who nameless there have lain,
And some lie dead where no man knows upon the scorching plain;
And some have glared on blazing skies and cruel desert sands
Till reeling brain and bursting heart they stilled with desp'rate hands;

Digitized by Google

And timid men stay near the towns,—but some in quest of gold
Have wandered from the mailman's track: no letters reach the bold.

Then stir yourselves and toss them out; for some are on the rack
These three months past with sorrowing when no reply came back;
A gleam of hope to many send who mourn their loved to-day,
For oft the envelopes are marked *Unclaimed*, or *Gone Away;*
But some have scored across the face the mournful legend, *Dead*,
Or *Died in Hospital.*—Ah me! sad missives never read.

The daring heart that crossed the sea to win his dear ones bread
Had perished 'neath the fever-pang, no friend beside his bed;
And hardly had his sunken eyes filmed in approaching death,
And still his frame seemed quivering with one last sobbing breath,
When from his wife the letter came so full of loving cheer:
"I 'm longing for your safe return; God bless and keep you, dear!

Digitized by Google

The children all are well and strong—they send their love
to you;
We manage just to get along; but one week's rent is
due,
And that can wait, the landlord says—he 's better than we
thought;
He thinks, perhaps, you 'll strike the gold; there 's plenty
there; you ought."

Ah, well! such tales are common now, they 're multiplying
fast—
See! yonder lazy fourth-class man is working hard at last!
He 's crusty and cantankerous, and selfish as can be:
He growls and grumbles all the day, and little work does
he;
His tongue is always on the nag; but since the goldfields'
mail
Comes once a month from Albany with many a mournful
tale,
He 's seized with a desire to show a heart he does not lack,
And grafts away with might and main to send the letters
back.

The junior clerks are writing fast, their pen-nibs fairly fly;
The usual chatt'ring is not heard, and little wonder why—
When sending back to some poor girl the tender, loving
note
That never met the eyes of him for whose dear sake she
wrote;

Digitized by Google

And right across the envelope a legend, scrawled in red,
Tells how, while she poured forth her heart, the youth lay stark and dead.

. . . . . .

Alas for those unfortunates whose hopes are in the West,—
With husbands, fathers, toiling there for gold in fierce unrest!
For fever, drought, and pestilence will reap a harvest grand—
The stoutest hearts Australia owns throb in that deadly land:
So, when you pass our office by, and hear no noisy din,
You 'll maybe murmur with a sigh, "The Perth Dead Mail is in."

R. STEWART.

HOW M'DOUGAL TOPPED THE SCORE.

A PEACEFUL spot is Piper's Flat. The folk that live around—
They keep themselves by keeping sheep and turning up the ground;
But the climate is erratic, and the consequences are
The struggle with the elements is everlasting war.
We plough, and sow, and harrow—then sit down and pray for rain;
And then we all get flooded out and have to start again.

Digitized by Google

But the folk are now rejoicing as they ne'er rejoiced before,
For we 've played Molongo cricket, and M'Dougal topped the score!

Molongo had a head on it, and challenged us to play
A single-innings match for lunch—the losing team to pay.
We were not great guns at cricket, but we could n't well say No,
So we all began to practise, and we let the reaping go.
We scoured the Flat for ten miles round to muster up our men,
But when the list was totalled we could only number ten.
Then up spoke big Tim Brady: he was always slow to speak,
And he said—"What price M'Dougal, who lives down at Cooper's Creek?"

So we sent for old M'Dougal, and he stated in reply
That he 'd never played at cricket, but he 'd half a mind to try.
He could n't come to practise—he was getting in his hay,
But he guessed he 'd show the beggars from Molongo how to play.
Now, M'Dougal was a Scotchman, and a canny one at that,
So he started in to practise with a paling for a bat.
He got Mrs. Mac. to bowl him, but she couldn't run at all,
So he trained his sheep-dog, Pincher, how to scout and fetch the ball.

Digitized by Google

Now, Pincher was no puppy; he was old, and worn, and
grey;
But he understood M'Dougal, and—accustomed to obey—
When M'Dougal cried out "Fetch it!" he would fetch it
in a trice,
But, until the word was "Drop it!" he would grip it like
a vyce.
And each succeeding night they played until the light
grew dim:
Sometimes M'Dougal struck the ball—sometimes the ball
struck him!
Each time he struck, the ball would plough a furrow in
the ground,
And when he missed the impetus would turn him three
times round.

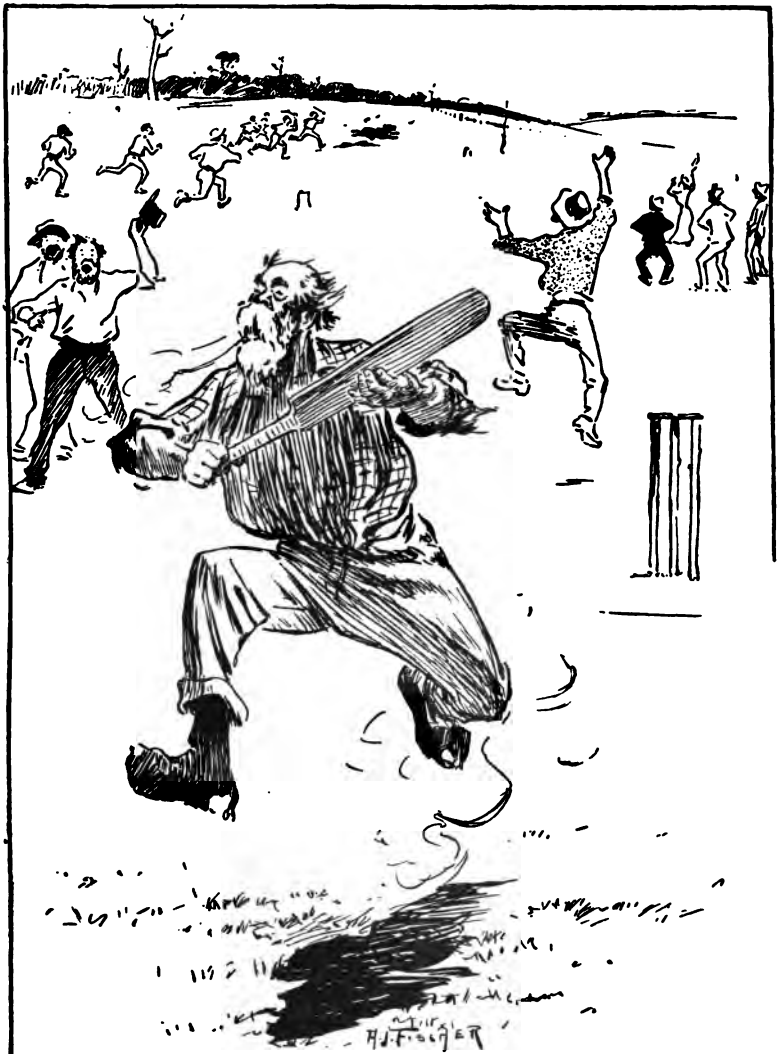
The fatal day at length arrived—the day that was to see
Molongo bite the dust, or Piper's Flat knocked up a
tree!
Molongo's captain won the toss, and sent his men to
bat,
And they gave some leather-hunting to the men of Piper's
Flat.
When the ball sped where M'Dougal stood, firm planted
in his track,
He shut his eyes, and turned him round, and stopped it
—with his back!
The highest score was twenty-two, the total sixty-six,
When Brady sent a yorker down that scattered Johnson's
sticks.

Digitized by Google

Then Piper's Flat went in to bat, for glory and renown,
But, like the grass before the scythe, our wickets tumbled down.
"Nine wickets down for seventeen, with fifty more to win!"
Our captain heaved a heavy sigh, and sent M'Dougal in.
"Ten pounds to one you'll lose it!" cried a barracker from town;
But M'Dougal said "I 'll tak' it, mon!" and planked the money down.
Then he girded up his moleskins in a self-reliant style,
Threw off his hat and boots, and faced the bowler with a smile.

He held the bat the wrong side out, and Johnson with a grin
Stepped lightly to the bowling crease, and sent a "wobbler" in;
M'Dougal spooned it softly back, and Johnson waited there,
But M'Dougal, crying "*Fetch it!*" started running like a hare.
Molongo shouted "Victory! He 's out as sure as eggs,"
When Pincher started through the crowd, and ran through Johnson's legs.
He seized the ball like lightning; then he ran behind a log,
And M'Dougal kept on running, while Molongo chased the dog!

Digitized by Google



HOW M'DOUGAL TOPPED THE SCORE.

[*To face Page 54.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

They chased him up, they chased him down, they chased
him round, and then
He darted through a slip-rail as the scorer shouted
"Ten!"
M'Dougal puffed; Molongo swore; excitement was intense;
As the scorer marked down twenty, Pincher cleared a
barbed-wire fence.
"Let us head him!" shrieked Molongo. "Brain the
mongrel with a bat!"
"Run it out! Good old M'Dougal!" yelled the men of
Piper's Flat.
And M'Dougal kept on jogging, and then Pincher
doubled back,
And the scorer counted "*Forty*" as they raced across
the track.

M'Dougal's legs were going fast, Molongo's breath was
gone—
But still Molongo chased the dog—M'Dougal struggled
on.
When the scorer shouted "*Fifty*" then they knew the
chase could cease;
And M'Dougal gasped out "*Drop it!*" as he dropped
within his crease.
Then Pincher dropped the ball, and as instinctively he
knew
Discretion was the wiser plan, he disappeared from view;
And as Molongo's beaten men exhausted lay around
We raised M'Dougal shoulder-high, and bore him from
the ground.

Digitized by Google

We bore him to M'Ginniss's, where lunch was ready laid,
And filled him up with whisky-punch, for which Molongo paid.
We drank his health in bumpers, and we cheered him three times three,
And when Molongo got its breath, Molongo joined the spree.
And the critics say they never saw a cricket match like that,
When M'Dougal broke the record in the game at Piper's Flat;
And the folk are jubilating as they never did before;
For we played Molongo cricket—and M'Dougal topped the score!

THOS. E. SPENCER.

MARIAN'S CHILD.

FIRST we thought of the river,
But the body might be found;
And it did not seem so cruel
To bury it in the ground.
So small it seemed, so helpless—
I hardened my heart like stone—
She kissed it over and over,
And then I heard her groan.

Digitized by Google

I took it out of her bosom:
  It cried, and cried, and cried;
I carried it down the garden—
  The moon was bright outside.
I dug a hole with a shovel
  And laid the baby down;
I shovelled the sand upon it—
  The sand was soft and brown.

But, ah! its cry was bitter—
  I scarce could cover it in,
And when at last 't was hidden
  I sank beneath my sin.
Down at the foot of the garden,
  Where the moon-made shadows fell,
I sold myself to the Devil
  And bought a home in hell.

Down at the foot of the garden,
  Where the weeds grew rank and wild,
Under the shivering willows
  I murdered Marian's child;
My heart was wildly beating,
  My eyes and cheeks were wet,
For I heard the baby crying—
  O God! I hear it yet.
I hear it crying, crying,
  Just as I heard it cry
In Marian's arms in the morning
  When I knew that it must die.

. . . . .

Digitized by Google

Neither of us was woman—
I was the younger one;
And we strove to tell each other
What a wise thing we had done.
Why should it live to plague us?
Why should it ever begin
Travelling roads of trouble,
Soiling its soul with sin?

Marian! ah, she remembers!
In spite of all her tears
Sweet children call her mother
These many, many years.
Yet when I saw my darling,
Her blue eyes seemed to swell:
"Annie!" she said, "do you hear it?
Listen! I hear it well!

In the night I hear it calling
With a muffled, plaintive wail,
And my heart stands still to count its sobs,
And ever I try and fail;
For I think the depth of my baby's grief
Will never fathomed be
Till the fires are lit in the bottomless pit
To blast eternity."

Once in a southern city
Joy came into my life—
He loved me, kissed me, thought me
Worthy to be his wife . . .

Digitized by Google

No, I will never marry.
God! I had rather die—
If ever I had a baby
'T would curse me with its cry!
For down at the foot of the garden,
Where the moon-made shadows fell,
I sold myself to the Devil
And bought a home in hell.

J. S. NEILSON.

THE MAN WHO TOLD YOU SO.

OF all the fiends who walk this earth,
Whose game, it seems, is mainly
To make us curse for all we 're worth
And swear and speak profanely,—
I 'll back the brute, in time of woe
Who comes and says, "I told you so!"

Does speculation bring you down
And ruin you completely,
Or spielers get your last half-crown
Particularly neatly,
He never fails to let you know
That all along he told you so.

Digitized by Google

With buoyant hope out West you went
To make a fortune speedy,
But came back home without a cent,
Disgusted, worn, and seedy.
He met you with—his face aglow—
"Now recollect, I told you so!"

That little bill, to save a friend,
Accepted by you blindly,
Meets with dishonour in the end,
And lets you in unkindly;
His hope that soon you 'll wiser grow
Is prefixed by "I told you so!"

The maiden whom you were to wed,
Who swore she loved you madly,
Gets married to a pal instead,—
Which wounds you very badly:
Again, his sympathy to show,
Out comes the same old "Told you so!"

And much I dread that, by-and-by,
When we 're amongst the tainted,
And with the imps in Satan's sty
Are getting fast acquainted,
He'll point to us from Heaven's front row,
And wag his chin—"I told them so!"

STYX.

Digitized by Google

A SEA TRAGEDY.

AND he lies there,
With the sand in his mouth and the salt in his hair;
And I stand here,
Naked and burnt in the blazing sun:
And the Sea lies calm,
Shining and blue in the morning air,
Seeming unconscious of what it has done.

Curse you, O Sea!
You have robbed him of life and me of a friend—
Wrecked us and tossed us here on the shore,
Just when the toil of our life was o'er.
Curse you, O Sea!
We have loved you and fought you many a year,
Laughed at your fury many a time,
Met you in peace and met you in storm;
And now, as we gave you our last good-bye,
You acted the part of a treacherous foe;
You have robbed me of fortune and friend at a blow.

Naked I am on the blazing sand—
Not even a knife to dig him a grave:
Foodless, waterless here—in a land
As bare of life as that gleaming wave.

Digitized by Google

Faithful old chum!
We have lived together so many years
I do not care to part from you now.
Come! I can lift you up in my arms,
Swim with you just a few fathoms from shore,
And sink with you into the Nevermore!

F. ROLLETT.

THE SILENCE OF MULLOCK CREEK.

HE was dubbed the Lisping Infant when he came to Mullock Creek;
Most confiding was his nature, and his manners they were meek;
He was fair and wore an eyeglass, and a Sunday suit for days;
He'd a soft, engaging simper, and such fascinating ways!

'T was a time of sore adversity, and sinful men and weak
Said that Fate created Clyde to be the prey of Mullock Creek;
For he 'd booked himself at Hogan's pub., effusively and rash,
As the travelling representative of eighty thousand, cash.

Digitized by Google

He was buying mining properties. His syndicate in town
Had the greatest faith in Mullock Creek. The terms were
money down.
So if any man amongst us wished to sell a likely show,
Would he kindly state his price, "and furnish samples,
don't you know."

'T was the softest thing on earth beneath. The Creek
dissembled well—
Not a man about the field but had a score of shows to
sell—
But from Cooper's Hump to Flybite they were roaring
down below
At the Johnnie buying leases "as per sample, don't you
know."

Soon the joke was bandied freely, miners yelled it near
and far.
"Where 's yer samples?" was the greeting on the brace
and in the bar;
And each grimy digger answered he was "trav'lin' fer his
chief,
With a lovely lot o' samples of the latest lines o' reef!"

But the Infant was oblivious, and when any of the throng
Tried to sell a golden lode, and took no specimens along,
He would answer very cutely: "How on earth 's a chap
to know
What he 's buying if you have n't any samples here to
show?"

Digitized by Google

So for bits of golden stone arose a wonderful demand;
They were prigged from stopes and hoppers, they were gathered in the land.
Treasured specimens from Bendigo and half-a-hundred fields
Served to advertise the local lodes and guarantee the yields.

Peter Hirst with lumps of barren quartz and seven weights of gold
Made the sweetest lot of "samples" ('t was a cunning trick of old),
And the stranger placed the specimens in little canvas bags,
With the vendors' names and figures neatly stated on the tags.

Clyde was eager to submit the splendid offers he 'd received,
With the "samples," to his people in the city, we believed;
And in some way every owner knew his cat was in the pot,
Though the Infant rather fancied that his firm would buy the lot.

Now, its wondrous expectations worked the Creek a moral ill,
And so cold and proud the diggers grew they would n't lift a drill;
But they drank of Hogan's whisky till the sinners could n't see,
And the town and district started on a bucking jamboree.

Digitized by Google

Still from far and near the miners came with properties to sell,
Bringing "samples" down in sacks, and some on sleds
and drays as well.
When the Infant took receipt they joined the dissipated
throng,
Charming snakes in Hogan's bar until their cheques
should come along.

When at length the vendors sobered, they went searching
everywhere
Round the township for the Infant, but the Infant was n't
there.
He had fled. A studious absence on the part of Mrs. Hirst
Was coincidental maybe,—but the husband feared the
worst.

Then a letter came to Hogan, which he kindly read aloud:
"As I 've cleaned you out at Mullock Creek, it 's fair to
tell the crowd
How those lovely 'samples' yielded,"—so the Infant's
letter ran.
"I have had them milled; they ran to sixty ounces in the
pan!"

Not a syllable was spoken, stunned and silently the men
Turned and drifted off, and silently they sought their
holes again.
Should you visit Mullock Creek to-day, you 'll find they
can't forget,
And that awful silence broods upon the stricken township
yet!

EDWARD DYSON.

Digitized by Google

WHEN MOTHER CALLS TO DINNER.

WE 'RE on a farm not far from town—
There 's just a dozen acres;
Our neighbours range from atheists
And infidels to Quakers;
We 've got the good old pious sort
'Long-side the hardened sinner—
But that won't spoil our appetite
When Mother calls to dinner.

When, years ago, we started first
And did the pioneering—
The fencing and the breaking-up,
The stumping and the clearing—
If stuck at some old ironbark
Which looked a likely winner,
We always got our courage up
When Mother called to dinner.

We 've had some floods, when weeks of rain
Have given us a notion
We 'd wake some day and find the place
Adrift towards the ocean;
And then such droughts and failing crops
As daunt the green beginner!
But still we fought and struggled on,
And Mother called to dinner.

Digitized by Google

So though the droughts may scourge the land,
Or floods roar like a river,
We 'll hope that better times 'll come—
The bad *can't* last for ever!
And though the worry and the care
Are making Dad grow thinner,
There 's always hope of winning yet
While Mother calls to dinner.

ULOOLA.

M'GINTY'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

M'GINTY the fair, and O'Ryan the wise,
They set out—so they did—for a drink;
And they wanted to drink over head, ears and eyes,
But they 'd not the least taste of the jink—
They were sadly in want of the jink!

Said M'Ginty, "My t'roat is as dhry as a brick!"
Said O'Ryan, "Faith, moine is the same!"
Said M'Ginty, "But shure we cud alter it quick
If we took a deep dhrink at the sthrame—
Sweet bad luck to the tasthe of the sthrame!"

Said O'Ryan, "We 're here at the back of God-speed,
And the divil a penny we own;
Faith, 't is hard wid our tongues out for whisky indeed,
To be threatened wid wather alone—
Raw wather's the divil alone!

Digitized by Google

"And the docthors all say that 't is full of disase,
Chock-full o' young divils with tails!"
Says O'Ryan, "Oi 've dodged them the most of my days,
But at last here their father prevails—
Yis, the divil their father prevails!"

But Mac gev a bounce and he shouted "Hurroo!
Here 's a moighty good thing I 've discerned—
You mismerise me an' Oi 'll mismerise you,
And we 'll think that the wather has turned,
Ay, to best Oirish whisky has turned!"

In a minute 't was done, and the mesmerised pair
At once to the river ran down;
And ever since that hypnotising affair
They 're the envy of all in the town:
They 're the two drunkest men in the town!

E. J. DEMPSEY

A SONG OF GOLD.

OH, there 's great exhilaration in the bosoms of the boys
Who are sailing for the goldfields in the West;
Though the dear old days are dead, there 's a roaring time ahead,
And the bonny birds are flying from the nest.

Digitized by Google

Let the old folk bide alone, for the whole wide world 's
your own,
And there 's yellow gold in plenty in the West!
For it 's gold! bright gold!
And it 's yours to handle, to have, and to hold!
Will you sell your homes, as they have been sold,
For the bright, hard gold?

Oh, there 's grief and tribulation for the mothers of the
boys,
For the sisters and the sweethearts left behind.
Ah, the good old time is dead! Ah, the weary wait
instead!
But the ship is scudding on before the wind;
And it 's well for those who go to the gay new life, you
know,
But it 's cruel hard for those who stay behind!
But it 's gold! bright gold!
And it 's yours to handle, to have, and to hold!
Will you sell your hearts, as they have been sold,
For the bright, hard gold?

Ah, there 's mighty jubilation in the hearts of all the boys
Who are drinking in the grog-shops of the town;
And the gas flares overhead till the wild carouse is sped
And the jolly boys have knocked their last sovs. down:
What with billiards, dice, and gin, you can make the
gold-boys spin,
When you leave the blessed diggings for the town.

Digitized by Google

And it 's gold ! bright gold !
And it 's yours to handle, to have, and to hold !
Will you sell your souls as they have been sold,
For the bright, hard gold ?

Oh, there 's strange inanimation on the faces of the boys
Who went gaily to the gold-fields long ago :
Though the parched earth is their bed, very quiet are the dead,
Very peaceful are the sleepers lying low.
They are scattered here and there, does it matter why or where,
When their mothers' hearts were broken long ago ?
It was gold ! bright gold !
It was theirs to handle, to have, and to hold !
Did they sell their lives, as they have been sold,
For the bright, hard gold ?

DORA WILCOX.

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE.

O! THE Woman of the Future ! Sound the trumpets—beat the drums !
She has donned the coat and breeches, and in triumph on she comes ;
She has fixed her vengeful optic on the trembling tyrant Man,
She has sworn to quit the bondage of the wash-tub and the pan.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Hop.

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE!

[*To face Page 71.*

Digitized by Google

She has sworn to crush the despot, and to puff his best cigar,
Sworn to spout from many a pulpit and to practise at the bar;
Sworn to clip her flowing ringlets, whether auburn, black, or brown,
And to raise upon her upper lip a tiny crop of down.

She will come as comes a conqueror, and she 'll scorn to bill and coo,
And she 'll whistle for her darling when she comes to win and woo;
And she 'll brave the boot capacious of our own irate papa,
And she 'll hug us in a frenzy when we bid her "Ask mamma!"

And she 'll leave us in the evening, saying, "Rock the cradle, John!
If you 're lonesome, darn some stockings, dear, or sew some buttons on;
Pray, be careful that you don't disturb the baby's soft repose,
And you 'll find his feeding-bottle close beside his little nose!"

Yea! she 'll hold the land in awe from far Beersheba unto Dan,
And she 'll take us to the opera and go out "to see a man";

Digitized by Google

And with cursed cunning ogle (ah, ye husbands! there's the rub!)
Will she leer upon the barman when she calleth at the pub.

And she'll chuck the handsome youths she meets beneath the chubby chin,
And she'll tell you with a hiccup, "Sack and sugar's not a sin!"
And she'll wander home at 2 a.m. and tell her trusting hub.,
"We were slaying of the microbe at the Gay Galooters' Club."

And the pride of Man shall dwindle, and his glory fade away
Like the glory of the sunset in the train of parting day;
And a huge, discarded petticoat shall be his funeral pall,
And a cackling Hen Convention scream a pæan at his fall!

P. LUFTIG.

STOKIN'.

STOWED deep below the load-line—
Ten feet to twenty-five—
We face the glarin' dazzle
And make good steam to drive.
Keepin' the gauges steady
At near two hundred pound,
With scorching heat before us
And scorching steel all round.

Digitized by Google

And when an air-shoot 's loafin'
Instead of suckin' air,
We sneak on deck to fix it,
Then sling in coal an' swear,

To the scrape, scrape, scrape of the shovels,
An' the snarlin', rollin' rattle of the coal.
God has made some men to starve ashore in hovels,
And us to sweat our lives out in this hole.

You praise your gallant skipper
And skilful engineers;
The A.B. is a hero
Who squints one eye and steers;
The ladies like the moonlight
And officers to chaff;
They have n't got no tickets
On us, the stoke'ole staff,
Who keep the boilers hummin'
And funnel-flues a-roar,
With blisterin' steel above us
And on a blisterin' floor.
They 're laughin' on the main-deck,
But I would like to know
If they are ever thinkin'
Of men who toil below,

To the clank, clank, clank and the bangin',
And the rattlin' of the heavy furnace doors.
Which is best: to loaf and starve or die by hangin',
Or waste your lives a-toilin' on these floors?

Digitized by Google

The steamers from La Plata
Take sufferin' cattle 'Ome;
The liner leaves 'em standin'
With splutterin' screws afoam;
The wool-tanks from Port Jackson,
Melbourne and Moreton Bay,
The meat-carts from New Zealand
Are smashin' clouds of spray;
And down below their load-lines—
Ten feet to twenty-five—
We curse their graspin' owners
And give 'em steam to drive.
It 's double whacks of win's'ls
When cattle feels it hot,
But who cares two dead Chinkies
If we are grilled or not?

We must stoke, stoke, stoke to the pourin'
Of the gleamin', glist'nin', rollin', snarlin' coal;
Up aloft it may be calm or gales a-roarin',
But it's always heat and stillness in this hole.

There 's men of every natur'
And every sort of breed
Sent down to make the vapour—
The steam that makes the speed;
A canny Tyne-side Dogger
Is workin' right of me,
And, may my eyes be jiggered!
My left 's a Portugee!

Digitized by Google

With blunderin' swing she 's rollin',
There 's ugly swells abeam;
The draught is singin' noisy
And makin' tons of steam;
Our forehead-veins are bulgin'
And veins on arms as well.
I wonder what they 're burnin'
If it 's hotter down in hell?

They must graft, graft, graft as we are graftin'—
Ten times as hard and twice as hard again;
But they 'll miss the kick and rumble of the shaftin',
Which tells us that we labour not in vain.

There 's flirtin' on the spar-deck,
Both sittin' on one spar;
There 's drinkin' in the smoke-room
And in the steamer's bar;
They 're playin' a pianner,
I s'pose, in the saloon,
Some patriotic, rowdy,
And fashionable tune.
But better girls are waitin'
For us when we 're ashore,
Who 'll give us all the huggin'
We ever want—and more.
And all the shallow drinkin'
In smoke-room, bar, and such,
Compared to what *we* founder,
It don't amount to much.

Digitized by Google

For it's thirst, thirst, thirst so dry and burning:
We want no grub, we only long for drink;
Until we see the pub-lights fade, returning,
We never want to pause or pause to think.

God makes some men's lives easy,
And some he makes as slaves;
The first gets rich by thinkin',
The last on what they saves.
And berthed above her Plimsoll—
Ten feet and mostly more—
The men who live by thinkin'
Are dreamin' of the shore,
Or laughin' in their deck-chairs;—
They're all so blessed proud
They can't abear to look at
The dirty stoke-'ole crowd
Who feed the hungry boilers,
That drive the piston-heads,
Settin' the screw a-tearin'
The ocean into shreds,

To the scrape, scrape, scrape and the bangin'
Of the swelterin', heavy, rattlin' furnace-doors;
Which IS *best: to loaf and starve or die by hangin',*
Or sweat and swear a-toilin' on these floors?

QUILP N.

Digitized by Google

WHERE ARE MY DOLLARS GONE?

WHERE *is* my cash? With this eternal query
I 'm pestered all my moments, grave and gay;
It haunts me in the midnight dark and dreary,
It dogs me at the dawn and close of day.
Where *is* my cash? My watch, I know, reposes
Safe at my Uncle's, tightly held in pawn;
My bills are known to all the tribe of Moses—
But, where the mischief are my dollars gone?

I lead a virtuous life. A trifle glorious
I may get, now and then, with comrades gay,
And paint the town vermilion, when uproarious,
And turn the gloomy night to crimson day;
But, when at home at duty's call diurnal,
I pass my days as peaceably as John,
Our cabbage-vendor, at his toil eternal—
Again I ask: Where are my dollars gone?

The dice-box—gambling? Goodness knows I hate it,
And if at nap I linger now and then
And wander home with friends a bit belated,
'T is but as man who loves his fellow-men.
My winnings are but scant; with melancholy
I own Dame Fortune's golden smile hath shone
But seldom on the hands my comrades jolly
Have dealt me—but where *are* my dollars gone?

Digitized by Google

I drink but little. Am abstemious—very!
Though midnight suppers sometimes cost me dear;
My bill for Bass and Guinness, cham. and sherry—
I cut it down a dozen times a year.
'T is not *my* fault that oysters through the season
Don't grow on hedges, and the price of yon
Choice wines has waxed entirely out of reason . . .
Again I ask—where are my dollars gone?

The girls—God bless 'em—Bellas, Janes, and Bessies,
They cost me little—now and then a glove,
A summer hat, a parasol expresses
To Maud a fraction of her poet's love;
A lady's watch inscribed in fashion tender,
A bracelet which she sometimes deigns to don,
A brooch that gleams in simple jewelled splendor,—
Poor trifles these! Where *are* my dollars gone?

P. LUFTIG.

WATTLE FLAT.

WHEN I was digging in the hills—'way up on Wattle Flat,
A parson came to straighten us—a little one at that.
He told us we should sling the cards, and give the liquor best—
And oh! 't was grand to hear the way he 'd chuck it off his chest!

Digitized by Google

Said he: "My friends, you 're going to hell—damnation 's very near.
You *are* a shocking godless lot—you wretched slaves of beer!
Give up your Sunday football now—avoid the flaming pub—
And let 's improve our minds and start a Parlyment'ry Club."

We reckoned that he 'd struck a patch—if none would act the goat;
And met the follerin' Friday to decide "Should Women Vote?"
The chaps rolled up to see the fun—and girls! Each brought his own.
A bit of skirt, the parson said, would give the thing a tone.

He would n't take the chair—he thought 't was best for one of us;—
So we elected Ratty Bill—who took it with a cuss.
He always sunk a duffer when he tried to *talk*—but, still,
He 'd *stoush* a blooming bullock; so we all respected Bill.

And then the parson pitched it strong about our sisters' rights;
But Bli-me Joe, he reckoned only them should vote as fights.
"That bars *you*, then!" was my remark—which terminated Joe's.
(It ain't the chaps as flash their dukes that fight the willing goes!)

Digitized by Google

Then Mick the Giant started with, "The man 's a rotten fool "——
"You must n't swear," the Speaker said—"You 'll break the blanky rule."
"When I 'm wanting information," said Mick, "of any sort—
Of course, I'll take it from a man that 's got a shingle short ! "

"I 'm boss," said Bill; "they 've put me here to carry out the law—
Sit down, and put yer flute away—or else I 'll break yer jaw."
Mick started poking it again—but ere he 'd said it all—
The pair of them, in willing holts, were rastling for the fall.

It was a lively argument, and, long before its close,
A dozen keen debaters were a-dressin' ayes and noes;
The little devil-dodger was a-yellin' for the p'lice;
But we were holding down the trap to let 'em fight in peace.

. . . . . .

There 's whips of self-improvement in a Parlyment, no doubt;
But members find it rough when half the House is counted out;
We drifted into sin again—bein' all inclined to think
Debating far more dangerous than football, cards, or drink.

CECIL POOLE.

Digitized by Google

WING FAT.

UPON his cheek there shone a tear;
(They 'd dragged him from his home)
He sighed—as one who dreams of beer—
Or one who writes a pome.

He stood within the felon's dock—
On yellow feet and large,
His face unreadable as rock;
Whilst Murphy read the charge.

They swore he stole a speckled hen,
One pig, two boots, a hat;
But Wing just murmured now and then,
"No! me no savee that!"

In English they examined Wing,
In Chow and Irish too;
He answered all their questioning
With: "Me no savee you."

Their pigeon-Hebrew and Hindoo—
He stood it all unmoved;
They said, "We wish this case was through!
It 's very clearly proved

Digitized by Google

"To speak to him 's of no avail!
And 't would disgrace our land
To put a foreign man in gaol,
Who cannot understand.

"A trifling fine, and let him go—
'S the best way, to our mind.
We 'll mercy to the heathen show!
Five shillings he is fined!"

They asked Wing for five shillings then—
His eye was dull and dim;
His face was wood; he said again
Just: "Me no savee him."

Then Murphy, the policeman, rose,
And in a brogue said he:
"This haythen in the baggy clothes,
Oi 'll make him savee me.

"No savee, is it? Wing, me mahn!
Y' dirty haythen hound!
Come! take y'r purse out in y'r hand—
And pay y'r foine—foive pound!"

"Dam Ilishman! too muchee lie!"
Shrieked Wing, "You tly me lob?
Me savee magistlate, all li!
Here, takee fine!—fi bob!"

ALONE.

Digitized by Google

THE WOMAN SPEAKS.

SO you think because I 'm a woman
I was made but for pleasure and tears—
You! who smile and sneer at the sex I claim
With the *savoir-faire* of your forty years.

Ah, yes! I 'm a woman, and human, too:
I can laugh and weep, and—pity me!—*love*.
That 's the part of me made for the play of man.
Man! No, thanks, I can manage my glove.

We shall meet to-night at the dance, perhaps;
You 'll see me flirting behind my fan,
With arms a-gleam and shoulders bared
To the critical gaze of men, O man!

And you 'll come to me claiming a waltz, perhaps;
I 'll grant your wish with a grateful smile;
And your arm will clasp me a moment or two,
And we shall be lovers a little while.

But O, the thought that my smiles suppress
(For I am strong, quite strong, O man!)
The measuring, searching, judging thoughts
That I hide as only a woman can!

I 'm only a woman, whose passionate heart
Is made for laughter, and tears, and love,—
And that is for men; but soul and brain
I keep for myself and the gods above.

AMBROSE PRATT.

Digitized by Google

CONSOLATION.

CAME a man to Mary Casey,
In her hut at Malden Camp,
Saying, "Mary—now, be aisy!
But poor Casey's gone on tramp."
"Och? go plumb!" said Mary, scolding,
With a glitter in her eye,
"To the place where they'll be holding
Yez on griddles when yez die;

Yah! go aisy wid yer lyin'—Micky gone on tramp, you say?
Shure, it's me that knows he has n't, for he could n't get away."

Then the man who brought the tidings
Simply stood and gasped for breath;
Stricken dumb by Mary's chidings,
Feared to tell of Michael's death.
"But, say, Mary," said he, crying,
When at length he found his voice—
Michael's dead. There's no denying:
'T was a case of Hobson's choice;

He was loading in the cutting, and was just agoin' to 'tamp
When he dropped dead of a suddent. Yes, poor Michael 's gone on tramp."

Digitized by Google

"Wirra! Wirra!" moaned the mourner,
("Ah! poor Michael!" sighed the man)
"That's his best suit in the corner"—
And her tears to flow began—
"And he's left me, och! the vill'in;
And he never said 'Good-bye'—
To forget him I'd be willin'—
Sure I've half a mind to thry.

You're his size? Go aisy, sonny—sure ye're foolin', nothin' more?
Ye're in earnest? Come in, darlint!—hang yer hat behind the door."

L. R. MACLEOD.

AT THE DIGGINGS STORE.

OLD diggings mates, who met once more,—
He'd been away and learned to shear;
She knew him ere he reached the door,
Though parted now for many a year.

But he'd forgotten—those forget
Who go away—until the name
Called up her face and some regret:
She was the same, and not the same.

Was this girl, now sedate and fair,
The same brown Kate who stole with him,
And rode all day old Frenchy's mare—
The chestnut mare that worked the whim?

Digitized by Google

Who helped him hunt for sugar-bags,
Quicker than he to spot the trees?
Who made a smoke from burning rags,
Whilst he chopped out the buzzing bees?

And, talking, they went once again
Hunting for specks all down the creek,
And found once more in tropic rain
The two-ounce slug that lucky week.

"You bought a filly with your share;
My colt died out on the Paroo."
"Why, Dan, that's she tied over there—
Grown such a beauty." "So have you!

"I swore from out the Golden West
A hundred wondrous things to bring;
But from that land, fly-, drought-distressed,
Have only brought this golden ring.

"Don't care for it? Won't take a ring?"
"A ring has ever murdered love!"
"Take these, then; hide—pear-gray 's the thing—
Those pretty fingers in a glove.

"But what for me in our new times?
A kiss, at least, my old-time mate!
Although for me no love-bell chimes,
'T would show I 'm not forgotten, Kate."

She laughed, and shook her sunny head—
Laughter from gates of rose and pearl.
"Look in the cook-book, Dan," she said;
"To kiss, you first must catch your girl!"

Digitized by Google

And as away with streaming tail
  Across the flat her pony flies,
She turns a moment. Through the veil
  He saw the challenge in her eyes,

And quick into the saddle sprang,
  And flew as clouds fly when they pass;
The hoofs upon the roadway rang,
  Then deadened on the short, green grass.

On broken ground at such a pace
  Is surely riding for a spill;
The girl is down! That ends the race;
  Her horse is up—the girl lies still.

Ah, joy has speech, but here with Death
  What words avail? Her eyes o'er-ran:
He stooped to catch the last faint breath . . .
  "You 've—caught—me—won't you—kiss me—Dan?"

R.A.F.

BUCKED OFF ITS BRAND.

TAKE my word! he could buck, could Brown Baron;
  And to ride! who could ride like Long Jack?
There was never a thing born with hair on
  Could throw him when once on its back.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

In the crush went on saddle and bridle,
And he set Jack a go pretty hard;
But his previous efforts seemed idle
When we flung down the rails of the yard.

A few bucks, and the gear was all lying—
Busted girths, broken bit—on the sand;
And away through the trees he went flying—
Nothing on him but Jack and the brand.

Through the paddock the Baron went sailing;
Jack was keeping him straight with his hat
When we saw him jump over the railing
At the creek on the Kurrajong Flat.

And then—where on earth were they hidden?—
Though the boss swore he'd soon have 'em back,
And rode as he never had ridden,
The traps had to start on their track.

But Jack was not beaten by trifles,
And, when he and the Baron were found,
It took four police, ditto rifles,
Ere the long-'un set foot on the ground.

When we came to examine the Baron,
All the brand-mark had disappeared clean:
'T was the horse, we could swear—a great scar on
The place where the Z 9 had been.

Jack explained, in the dock at his trial,
That the horse slung his brand on the track;

Digitized by Google

BUCKED OFF ITS BRAND!

"Jack sits now on stones for a saddle,
And for reins has a hammer in hand,
'Cause an ignorant Judge chose to twaddle,
That a horse could n't buck off its brand!"

[To face Page 88.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

To the charge gave indignant denial—
Said, when caught he was just coming back.

. . . . .

Jack sits now on stones for a saddle,
And for reins has a hammer in hand,
'Cause an ignorant Judge chose to twaddle
That a horse could n't buck off its brand!

R.A.F.

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

WHERE the ranges dip down to the plain at their base,
In the lap of the gully lies Tressider's place,
And the dancers are footing it merry and bright
For the honour of Kitty, his daughter, to-night.

With a clatter of hoofs and a jingle of belts
The troopers ride up, and the merriment melts,
And men stand aghast, who were laughing before,
At the glitter of steel, as they crowd to the door.

Tom Govan, long-hunted, is captured at last,
And the days of his riding and raiding are past;
They bring him a prisoner, half-ended their task,
And to rest there the night is the favour they ask.

In the stable they lash him to post and to ring,
For the strength of his arm is a marvellous thing;
Then they join in the dance and the night wanes apace,
And there 's laughing and loving at Tressider's place.

Digitized by Google

But Kitty creeps out and stands weeping apart,
For the love of Tom Govan that lies at her heart;
For in good and in evil, through sin and through shame,
The love of a woman alone is the same.

But a form is beside her, a voice at her ear,
The voice that of all she least wishes to hear—
'T is the trooper who first ran her lover to earth,
And whose love she had treated with scorning and mirth.

"Kate," he whispers, "to-night bid your lover good-bye;
If he leaves here to-morrow Tom Govan will die;
But just smile on me kindly and give me one kiss,
And to prove how I love you I 'll give you—see this!"

He holds up his hand and he shows her a key—
One turn in the lock and Tom Govan is free—
He would barter his honour, with traitors claim kin,
For one smile from the woman he never can win.

She falters a moment, then raises her face,
Puts her hand in his own—"You may kiss me," she says . . .
"When you 're both far away," and he toys with her hair,
"You might give me a thought—if you 've any to spare."

* * * * *

There is saddling and mounting at Tressider's place,
For of Tom and his sweetheart no man finds a trace—
But One lies on the grass, a revolver he grips:
'Tis the smile he bought, maybe, that's still on his lips!

ELISE ESPINASSE.

Digitized by Google

MICK DOOLEY'S PANTS.

THEY brought a boy from Tallaran to run Mick Dooley's tracks;
They yarded him the fastest blood among the station cracks;
With moles and shirt and sloucher hat and pipe with broken stem,
He slung into the saddle straight and waved his hand to them.

The Sub. was lately out from "'Ome," the troopers both were green,
The tracking of an outlaw was a game they had not seen;
This chippy little nigger and the antics that he played—
They were rolling off their saddles at the funny sight he made!

The tracker had a roving eye, he laughed a saucy laugh;
He grinned as they were grinning, and he gave them chaff for chaff;
The troopers both were solid men whose brains had run to beef,
But when the boy got moving all their mirth was turned to grief.

He was cautious 'mong the melon-holes, but where the plain was sound
He led 'em at a gallop with his eyes upon the ground;

Digitized by Google

And as odds are on a thoroughbred against a trooper's hacks
They were somewhat disconcerted at this mode of running tracks.

He took 'em down the Flinders where the spear-grass lined the brink,
Then crossed a stage of forty miles—without a drop to drink,
And down the beds of dried-up creeks they wandered all day long
Till life seemed, in a trooper's view, one endless billabong.

Then turned he sharply to the west—the blue M'Kinlay Range,
And gave them joys of spinifex, in case they wished a change;
And up and down the stony hills they tracked the guilty Mick,
Except when they required a rest to be a little sick.

They hauled their horses after them when hills were tough and high,
And still the Sub. remarked "Bai Jove!"—his eyeglass in his eye;
And still the blackboy pointed to the tracks which he had seen,
Until they fairly bottomed—they had struck a blind ravine!

Digitized by Google

Then one sharp-eyed suffering trooper gave a grunt of savage joy,
And called aloud unto the Sub. and pointed to the boy:
"The name upon them trousers! Sure as God made little ants—
Look, sir, this imp of Satan wears a pair of Dooley's pants!"

Like thought the tracker wheeled his mount and vanished from their sight,
But as he thundered down the gorge he yelled with all his might:
"Mick Dooley's crossed the Border now—no run dat feller in—
Next time you want um tracker, boss—*don't get Mick Dooley's gin!*"

G. ESSEX EVANS.

THE BALLAD OF STUTTERING JIM

(ILLUSTRATING THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST).

THIS is the yarn of Stuttering Jim, the girl, and the other man,
The strangest yarn that ever was told since ever the world began;
The yarn that was told by Stuttering Jim when the hour of the dawn was nigh,
And the fire grew dim, and the pipes went out, and the whisky-bottle was dry.

Digitized by Google

There are tales that are told in the darkness, and tales that
are told in the light,
And some are fit for the morning star, and some for the
secret night;
But the tale that he told is the tale to tell when the camp-
fire's wan and grey,
And the Dawn breaks into the house of Night with the
blood-red hammers of Day.

Now, Jim was a man of thirty-two, though he looked
a good three-score,
For his back was bent, and his eyes were red, and the hue
of his hair was hoar:
There was me, and Pell, and Carroty Joe, and Barney
and Bandy Gray,
But never a word came out of the crowd as he gave
himself away.

And Jim he talked as he mostly did when the whisky
slipped his tongue,
Of the time when his back was straight and strong, and
his looks, like his years, were young;
And he whined of a day when his tongue could wag as
fast as a man would think,
When his eyes were bright, and all was well, before he
took to the drink.

And he talked of a girl that lived hard by to a place that
he had of his own,
With a face like the flower that glows in the bush when
the winter is one-half flown:

Digitized by Google

She could ride all day, and dance all night, and be up
with the morning dew,
And milk the cows on her father's farm, as a well-bred
girl should do.

And though she loved dancing and dainty things, as a
healthy maiden must,
There was never a man of the sons of men could have
brought her head to the dust;
But she and Jim got talking of love, which is dangerous
talk for a man,
And the end of it was they plighted their troth—and then
the trouble began.

For there came a chap to her father's farm, a bit of a
ne'er-do-well,
Who had gone the pace for all it was worth till they
shipped him away to hell;
And he got struck on this girl of Jim's till his blood was
all of a flame,
And he pushed old Jim for the foremost place like a man
that was used to the game.

And Jim got riled, and chopped about, for he saw how the
current blew,
And now he was mad, and now he was gay, and he kept
the girl in a stew;
But the girl stuck fast to her plighted troth, and treated it
all as a jest—
She clung as the steel wedge clings to the wood, but she
liked the other chap best.

Digitized by Google

And Jim he told how the girl's old man, and her mother, and all the three
Went up one day to the Forty-mile Bush on a sort of a picnic spree;
And Jim and the girl got wandering off, as a man and a maid will do,
And the place was supple-jack up to the eyes, and as flat as a cake all through.

And there 's some that go and twist and turn and come out safe and sound,
And there 's some that go, and never come back, for they leave their bones on the ground;
And there 's dandy bushes this side of hell for a man that is sick of the play,
But the dandiest bush in all that land is the bush they found that day.

Yet the old man up and off to the farm, for he said that he trusted Jim
To bring his girl by another road home, for nothing would happen to him;
But the English chap hung a bit behind, and he crammed his pockets with food,
And the very first chance the beggar saw he was off and away for the wood.

Then Jim he told how he and the girl had tangled the bush about,
And how, by dark, the other man came to show them a pathway out;

Digitized by Google

But what should a Londoner know of the bush more than
they who are native born?
He led them the way that leads to death, betwixt the
night and the morn.

For the bush was as thick as a paddock of maize and
sharp as a tiger's claw,
With the supple-jack vines, and the saws and spines of
toi and tartara-moa;
But still he thought they'd a kind of show if only the food
would last,
And he parted some bread 'twixt Jim and the girl, but he
shut his own mouth for a fast.

And another day went, and another day came, and a day
and a night thereto,
And they came to a bit of a rise at last where a peep of
the sky got through,
And they lighted a fire of leaves and logs, and settled
them down to wait
Till the rescue came. And the days and nights went past
till they numbered eight.

Their food was done on the sixth day out, though they
rationed it down to a crumb,
And their water was most of it slime from the swamp, and
the flesh of the taraire plum;
And the suns that rose and the suns that set looked down
in their giddy whirl
On the English beggar that kept his fast for the love of a
starving girl.

Digitized by Google

And he and the girl were weak as rats, and twisted with deadly pain,
And pale as the tea-tree flower that blows at the end of the winter rain;
But Jim hung out from day to day, with a face of steady cheer,
Till the Englishman woke from a bit of a doze, and he reckoned the thing looked queer.

So he followed Jim down to the edge of the swamp, though the beggar could barely stand,
And he spied him there, like a rat in a hole, with a crust of bread in his hand;
For Jim had found the stuff in the pouch ere the sixth dawn grew to day,
And he thought of his love, and he thought of his faith, but life seemed better than they.

For life is life, and death is death, and each man "goes alone,"
And death is a frozen No Man's Land, and life is a torrid zone;
And the way of the world is a curious way, and curious creatures thrive,
And the false man lives and the true man dies, and only the fit survive.

Then the English chap stepped out of his lair, and they stood by the swamp alone,
And he saw Jim bury the crust in the fern, as a dog will bury a bone;

Digitized by Google

And he cried: "I have given my life for yours, if ever
this world goes round,
But I'll win her love for a dying man in lieu of a living
hound.

"I have tortured my flesh for twelve long days to give
her the joy of life,
But now she is mine for the rest of time, and the devil
may find you a wife.
I have gambled and sworn and lied and mocked, and
humbled myself to none,
But I'm more of a man with all my sins than you with
your single one.

"I have drunken and danced and had my fling, and
laughed at the 'Promise of May,'
But not for all that God can give would I stand in your
shoes to-day."
—And he up and off where the young girl sat, with her
eyes fixed hard on the sod,
And he said: "It is better to know to-day than to learn
to-morrow from God.

"You've set your heart on the form of a man, but he'd
never the soul of a hound,
And it's better to die with the truth all told than go with
a lie to the ground."
And he told the tale with a fainting voice, and a face like
a winding-sheet,
And bade her God-speed, and clutched his throat, and
dropped down dead at her feet.

Digitized by Google

Then Jim he told how he slunk from the swamp, for he dreaded to die alone,
And he saw the girl where she sat by her dead, with her face set still as a stone;
And the girl looked up from the eyes of the corpse with their blank and ghastly stare,
And she looked at the live and she looked at the dead, and the dead face seemed more fair.

And she smiled and sighed, and put out her arms, and gathered the corpse to her breast,
And she said: "You have had my plighted troth, but I loved the dead man best.
And I fear he played us false with the food, or how should it come to pass
That a strong man, full of the lust of life, should die in the arms of a lass?

"You 'll come safe out of the gates of death while the fiend has work to do,
And you 'll find a mate in the warm, full world, but I 'm not the girl for you.
The love you gave was a dainty thing, as the hue of a sunset sky,
But the love of the dead was the love of a man, for it taught him the way to die."

And the day went down and the day came up, and a long cold night thereto,
And then the rescue broke through the woods, as rescues mostly do.

Digitized by Google

For twelve long days they had followed the trail where hardly a bird could dive,
And they carried two corpses out of the bush, but Jim they carried alive.

There are tales that are told in the darkness, and tales that are told in the light,
And some are fit for the Morning star, and some for the secret Night;
But the tale Jim told is the tale to tell when the camp fire's wan and grey,
And the Dawn breaks into the house of Night with the blood-red hammers of Day.

SAMUEL CLIALL WHITE.

LIFE'S PARADOXES.

STRANGE! the man who works the hardest never makes a pile of pelf,
And the flirt who flirts most madly sometimes falls in love herself;
Strange! the bogus banks have buildings in the very finest style,
And the simpler the Celestial looks the deeper is his guile;

Digitized by Google

And the wight who wades in wickedness feels not the direst woes,
And the man who drinks the deepest does n't have the reddest nose.

Strange! that when the man who *owes* us leaves, we 're all with anguish torn,
But when the man who *pays* departs there 's not a soul to mourn;
Strange! the rooster on the steeple, though he 's only made of tin,
Is more famous than the live one with his merry morning din;
And the fool who boasts a title (like the steeple-cock on high)
Is looked up to and respected when a sage is hustled by.

Strange! the man who stoops the lowest nearly always rises high,
And the parson says we only live, to learn the way to die;
Strange! we hail the badge of slav'ry as the banner of the free,
And we nail the thieves and prophets side by side upon the tree;
Strange! the heathen throng the thickest where the clergy tithe the sod,
And a thousand temples rise to Man for one that 's built to God.

P. LUFTIG.

Digitized by Google

WHEN DACEY RODE THE MULE.

'TWAS in a small, up-country town,
When we were boys at school,
There came a circus with a clown
And with a bucking mule.
The clown announced a scheme they had—
The mule was such a king—
They 'd give a crown to any lad
Who 'd ride him round the ring.

And, gentle reader! do not scoff,
Nor think the man a fool:
To buck a porous-plaster off
Was pastime to that mule.

The boys got on—he bucked like sin—
He threw them in the dirt,
And then the clown would raise a grin
By asking, "Are yez hurt?"
But Johnny Dacey came one night,
The crack of all the school,
Said he, "I 'll win the crown all right;
Bring in your bucking mule!"

The elephant went off his trunk,
The monkey played the fool,
And all the band got blazing drunk
When Dacey rode the mule.

Digitized by Google

But soon there rose an awful shout
Of laughter, when the clown
From somewhere in his pants drew out
A little paper crown:
He placed the crown on Dacey's head,
While Dacey looked a fool—
"Now, there 's your crown, my lad," he said,
"For riding of the mule!"

The band struck up with "Killaloe,"
And "Rule Britannia, Rule,"
And "Young Man from the Country," too,
When Dacey rode the mule.

Then Dacey, in a furious rage,
For vengeance on the show,
Ascended to the monkeys' cage
And let the monkeys go;
The blue-tailed ape and chimpanzee
He turned abroad to roam;
Good faith! it was a sight to see
The people step for home—

For big baboons with canine snout
Are spiteful as a rule;
The people did n't sit it out
When Dacey rode the mule.

And from the beasts that did escape
The bushmen all declare
Were born some creatures partly ape
And partly native-bear.

Digitized by Google

They 're rather few and far between;
The race is nearly spent;
But some of them may still be seen
In Sydney Parliament.

And when those legislators fight,
And drink, and act the fool—
It all commenced that wretched night
When Dacey rode the mule!

THE B.

THE HOW-WE-BEAT-THE-FAVOURITE AFFLICTION.

IT started at first in the brains of one Gordon
(He blew them out after and somewhat atoned);
Each ass is his echo—encoring—encored on—
A plague on posterity, never condoned.

All ages, from infancy up to virility,
Record how the ring-men were yelling, "Dead heat!"
The tremulous voicing of gummy senility
Out-gibbers—"And that 's how the fav'rite was beat!"

Attend at a concert, if you are æsthetic,
To soften your spirits, or bolster them up;
It 's twenty to one you will get that emetic,
Worn-to rags lay of the Loamshire Hunt Cup.

Digitized by Google

Soprano sings first of the scenes that are brightest;
By basso you 're rocked on the waves of the deep;
The tenor's voice trills, in sweet notes of the lightest;
Contralto attunes you to languorous sleep.

But next! you 're aroused by a din of hoarse cheering!
A wide, scarlet nostril flits close to your knees . . .
Some donkey is on to the platform careering,
And, hopeless, you see that he 's got the disease.

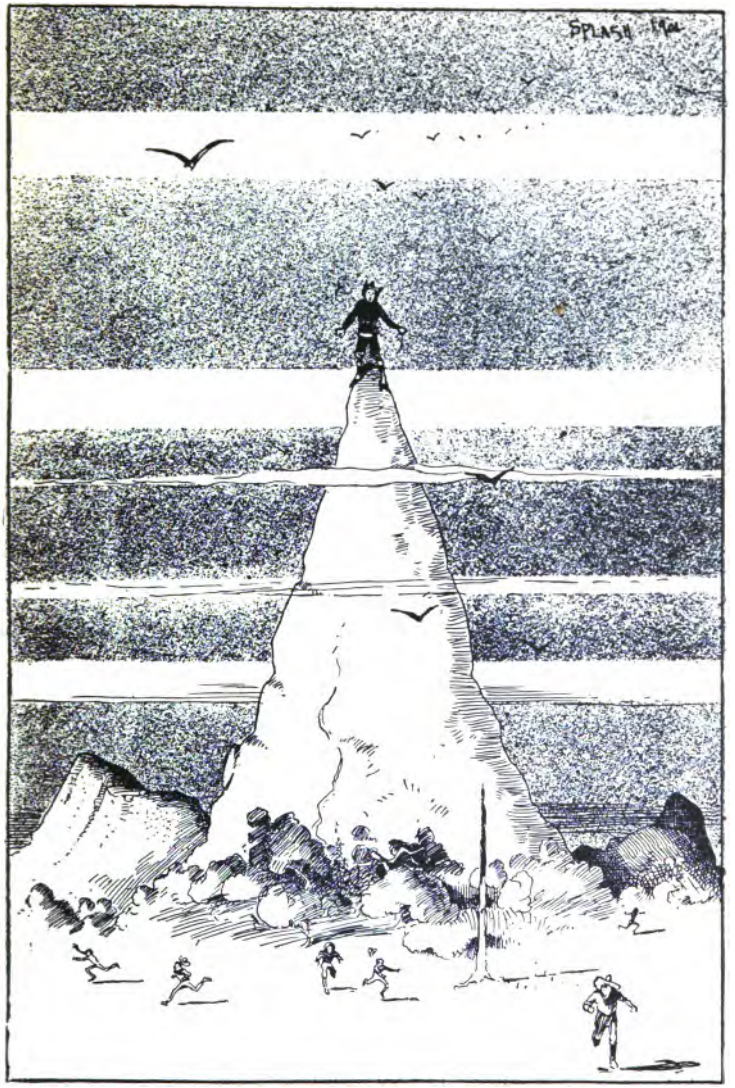
And then you hear all the old fatuous drivel—
How he was left sailing in front of them all;
Disgusted, you pick up your girl, and locked level,
Discarding all cunning, you race from the hall.

It 's the same at all socials and picnics and parties,
When Romans foregather, or Orangemen sup:
You 're told by the Atkinses, Dugalds, and Flahertys,
"Be calm: and we think you may just win the Cup!"

One sentiment only in which you may revel,
On searching the dirge from its finish to start,
Is the short, fervent prayer that is muttered by Neville:
It wakens an echo in every heart.

We 've heard it recited aboard of the Cuzco;
The boys of "the Never" can't let it go by;
From the shivering summit of Mount Kosciusko
Its lines have been yelled to the suffering sky.

Digitized by Google



THE HOW-WE-BEAT-THE-FAVOURITE AFFLICTION.

"From the shivering summit of Mount Kosciusko
Its lines have been yelled to the suffering sky!"

Digitized by Google

[*To face Page 106.*

Digitized by Google

I 'm weak and I 'm limp ; I am weary and ailing ;
I 'll never enjoy the same vigour again ;
But—" Giles, on the greyling, came down at the paling "—
I fear, by my soul ! that I 'm going insane.

" Keep back on The Heifer ; lie by on The Mullock ;
Back you, sir, on Fig-leaves ; sit still on The Hag ;
Slide down on The Rainbow ; turn round on The Bullock ;
So, steady there--easy—and up went the rag ! "

May The Clown, at the stud, prove completely defective,
And drift, at the last, to the shafts of a cart ;
May Iseult, with pain, feel the rage and invective
Of thousands of sufferers gnaw at her heart.

May the lampass annoy them, the glanders attack them,
The heaves and bronchitis e'er torture their breath,
May greasy heels lame them, and thoroughpin rack them,
And spavin and bots bring them down to their death !

N. M. O'DONNELL.

GIG FOURS.

YOU can see their rudder hissing
Past your canvas, and the kissing
Of the wash that fans behind them on your bow-side
makes her roll ;
And your coxswain 's calling " Quicker ! "
As your breath comes thick and thicker,
But you put in half-a-dozen fit to bust your blessed soul.

Digitized by Google

And the boat is leaking badly,
And you fling your weight on madly;
But your stick has got no packing and it runs down every dip;
And your instep 's sore and skinning,
Still you keep a hope of winning
Till the wind flips on your oar-blade and you bend your stretcher-clip.

Every man is outward swinging,
And a dull and sullen singing
Is vibrating in your ear-drums as you feel them screw and squirm;
And, through your faultless hauling,
You can hear the youngster calling
That you 're too almighty slow to catch a paralytic worm.

Then there sounds a scraping under
And your seat and slide 's asunder,
While you 're spitting chips like thunder and your knees are fairly broke;
And the streams of sweat near blind you
As you damn the mugs behind you;
Or, if you 're three or two or bow, you blame the rotten stroke.

Then you strike the grip and feather,
Whip a few in hell-for-leather,
And you 're swinging all together just like clockwork for a spell—

Digitized by Google

Then the wind comes round an angle
And your form gets in a tangle,
And you 're chucking up the water and the time is all to hell.

Then you see their wash runs stronger
And decide to hang out longer,
Till at last amid the swirling pools their rudder starts to peep;
And your heart grows big and bigger
As you spot their coxswain's figure,
And inch by inch along their side you slowly crawl and creep.

Then you think how far the boat is
From the winning post; no notice
You take of form or feeling, time or troubles, needs or knack;
With the swaying, swinging, sweeping
Of the oars you feel her leaping,
And you feel the muscles swelling on your shoulders and your back.

For their stroke looks done! the catch he
Sets is slow and short and scratchy,
And their bow has cracked up badly; he 's a deader to the world.
Ho! their barrackers yell louder,
And they graft like nigs to crowd her,
But there 's nothing left but arm-work in them: all their backs are curled.

Digitized by Google

Loud and louder grow the raging
Cries that echo from the staging,
And you pop on half-a-dozen with all your skill and strength;
Then, with resting arms before you,
Rings the judge's pistol o'er you,
And you 've done them like a dinner by an easy half-a-length!

McG.

DON'T LET THE MOTH GET IN!

I OVERHAULED an overcoat of mine the other day,
In the blazing months of summer it was brushed and laid away;
But the nipping nights of autumn spoke of winter coming fast,
And hints of frost and sleet were borne upon the shivering blast.
The garment long had stood the test of bleak and bitter weather,
But now it lay before me and its threads scarce clung together;
With many a hole in breast and back, with nap and fur grown thin,
It told of cold times coming—I had let the moth get in!

Digitized by Google

There's a moth, my fellow-trav'ler, on the rugged road of care,
And its food is human weakness, and its name is black Despair!
But the man who claims to manhood, be his sorrow what it may,
He will boldly face the demon, and await a better day.
Times are bad? Aye, well we know it, but each true man has his goal:
Can he fight misfortune better when the rust is in his soul?
Show your pluck, my suffering brother! though your coat is poor and thin,
Square your chest, and laugh at Fortune—and don't let the moth get in!

There are some worse off than you are—though the pious turn away,
Though your old friends do not know you—well, you 're better off than they!
If to-night you 're smoking tea-leaves, and your bed is the Domain,
Shake the dews off in the morning: up, and breast the world again!
Ere the dawning, night is darkest, I have heard old proverbs say;
So we'll keep our muscles moving, and be ready for the day,
And be thankful, while we suffered, that we bore it with a grin,
And while our clothes were shabby, kept the moth from getting in!

T. A. WILSON.

Digitized by Google

THE WINNER OF THE SQUATTERS' CUP.

LUCK good? Yes, pretty fairish now; the worst I ever knew,
Came when I won—and lost—a race for Scott at Wallaroo.
How 's that? you say—well, if you like, I 'll try to make it clear:
'T was in the spring of 'ninety, in the grand old Carbine's year,
I rode Scott's well-known Planet, and I did n't care a rap,
Bar Sheik, for all the entries in the Squatters' Handicap.

(A fine, big bay like Planet was that Dick Delaney's Sheik,
A blooming muff had got the mount—Bill Long, of Sandy Creek).
'T was over rails and water, too, the district's favourite race—
My word! the Cup and Stakes were grand for such a one-pub. place.
That year they 'd capped the fences, but the stewards most were proud
Of that deep and muddy water-jump they 'd scooped to please the crowd.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

Down dropped the flag, and in the lead abreast raced
Bill and I;
Abreast we cleared the first three jumps. "Sheik! Planet!
Sheik!" they cry;
Those mulga cappings on the logs had pulled the
others up,
And one of us, the public knew, must win the Squatters'
Cup.
Just as I thought I 'd be that one, there came a sudden
fear,—
Bill's prad was racing fresh and strong, while mine rolled
blooming queer:
And I cursed the keyless stables, 'way back there in the
bush,
They 'd "got at" dear old Planet then!—that cute Delaney
push.

No! p'r'aps I 'd better not explain, how with an ugly thud
We jostled at the water-jump, and fell in soupy mud;
We lost our reins, and Bill got kicked, by what he did n't
know,—
But when six pair of legs get mixed, a young 'un gets a
show.
We scrambled out—two yellow jocks; each caught a
trailing rein;
We sprang on yellow horses, and we raced away again.
"Sheik! Sheik!" they yell. Bill got the start, they knew
him by his hair
(He used to sport a ragged "mo," my face was then quite
bare).

Digitized by Google

My mount seemed freshened up a lot, he gained at ev'ry stride,
And then there came another yell, "Old Planet wins!" they cried;
Unheeded fell Bill's cruel whip, I saw his prad was done,
I passed his flanks, his girth, his head—the Squatters' Cup was won!

. . . . . .

"You wretched fool!" said Scott to me (but not a word I spoke—
I knew the boss's larking ways—I thought I saw his joke);
"It's no good my protesting, for you weighed in both the same"
(Just here I winked to let him know I twigged his little game).
"You wretched fool!" said he, again, with more dramatic force,
"You think you won! D—n you, you did!—*on Sheik, Delaney's horse!*"

FRANK BELLMAN.

THE THREE ROADS.

THERE is a town in Ireland,
A little town I know;
Its girls have tender Irish eyes
Beneath their brows of snow;
And in the fields around it
The Fairy Hawthorns grow.

Digitized by Google

O, the Hawthorn is a Queen
And the daughter of a King,
And amidst her branches green
The sweet brown thrushes sing.

And from that little city
Three roads forever run;
And on those roads the people,
The father and the son,
The mother and the daughter,
Walk till the day is done.

O, the Hawthorn is a Queen
And the daughter of a King,
And amidst her branches green
The thrushes sadly sing.

One road runs to the seaport
Where stately vessels lie—
American, Australian—
The weeping exiles cry,
Farewell to Grave and Hearthstone!
Dear Ireland—good-bye!"

O, the Hawthorn is a Queen
And the daughter of a King,
And amidst her branches green
"Farewell!" the thrushes sing.

Digitized by Google

One road it is a red, red road—
That road to England goes;
The battle-drums are sounding,
The trump of battle blows,
And Ireland's sons go forth to fight
Against Red England's foes.

O, the Hawthorn is a Queen
And the daughter of a King,
And within her heart of green
The mournful thrushes sing.

One road it is a quiet road;
They travel it full slow,
Their eyes are filled with sorrow,
The silent folk who go
To where the Stones of Silence
Are shining, row on row.

O, the Hawthorn is a Queen
And a Lady fair and grand,
And the thrushes sing the keen
Of the Dead—in Ireland.

VICTOR J. DALEY.

CHRISTMAS BELLE.

THE wind-strewn wheat lay far and wide upon the paddocks bare,
The place all told the signs of drought—for we had had our share:

Digitized by Google

"Next week the interest will be due on our selected land"—
Dad smoked and smoked, his care-lined face upon his heavy hand.
"There's only three more years to run; it must be paid—but how?
There's but one beast upon the farm I care a rap for now;
There's but one beast will raise the wind, so, as I must, I'll sell:
The Sydney buyer's sure to bid for the old mare, Christmas Belle."

"Eleven years since she was foaled, down in the paddock there;
Pretty as paint she always was, easy to keep and care.
Your mother rode her many a time the year before she died,
And little Tim, that went Beyond, could sit on her astride.
We never did great shakes with her, although she once raced well,
She had a temper of her own—had game old Christmas Belle!"
Then Dick (we reckoned Dick was hard!) beckoned us two away—
"We 'll sell our own d—n mokes," said he, "and let the old mare stay!"

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

With spotless shirts and shining spurs we stood prepared to go,
'T was ten miles to the Lachlan Bridge, and we must canter slow.
The missus (she is none too bad) came out among us men;
She gave one look at old Dad's face and went straight in again.
Young Mollie kissed old Belle's white nose, the kids were everywhere;
And Phil, the jockey of us all, reckoned to ride the mare.
But Dad's mouth took an ugly twist, of old we knew it well;
"You 're smart," said he, "but none but me shall part with Christmas Belle."

The blacks, with long-tailed, knock-kneed brutes, came trailing up the road,
And Chinamen and half-caste boys on wall-eyed mongrels strode.
Three hundred horses walked and pranced and crowded round the course,
And wild Bess Flanagan was there to sell her coal-black horse.
We scrambled for our tickets then, and pushed up near the gate:
For four strong men on four good hacks, the weaker ones must wait.
They gave us decent standing-room and civil tongues as well—
She 'd give a good substantial kick, would that same Christmas Belle!

Digitized by Google

We saw the buyer was no fool—he wore no vest or coat;
But it did n't affect his dealing, for he had n't learnt by rote.
We had no luck with our three nags—my horse, though strong, was small;
And Dick's—a splendid galloper—too leggy and too tall;
While Phil's, the best of all the three, performed and played-up high,
So now we had no choice at all but let the old man try.
He straightened up his rounded back, he tightened up the girth,
And then he let the old girl rip for all that she was worth.

She sped like some slow-moving bird upon the dusty grass,
And groups of men stopped in their talk to watch the old man pass;
The buyer's eyes took sudden light, the sound of hoofs grew low,
And madcap Bess, she held her breath to see the brown mare go.
"Grand pace," the buyer said; "what price?" "Sixteen," the boss replied—
He wanted just the interest due—no blood-money beside.
"Now, take the saddle off—just there." Dad did as he was told;
The buyer nodded, Dad stood back, and Christmas Belle was sold!

Digitized by Google

Dad bargained with the auctioneer to send the interest down,
He bought a flask of old Three Star and then made straight from town.
We stayed behind in Willoughby and helped to raise the fun,
We chaffed the girls, and shouted drinks as we had always done.
At dusk we rode like funeral mutes along the mountain track,
We would have given all we had to fetch the brown mare back.
The wind blew cold across the range, the grey mists heavy fell,
The night we sent to face the war the old mare Christmas Belle.

JOHN CAREW.

MY MATE BILL.

JIMMY THE HUT-KEEPER SPEAKS:

THAT'S his saddle across the tie-beam, an' them 's his spurs up there
On the wall-plate over yonder: you kin see 's they ain't a pair.
The daddy of all the stockmen as ever come must'rin' here—
Killed in the flamin' mallee, yardin' a scrub-bred steer!

Digitized by Google

They say as he 's gone to Heaven, an' shook off his worldly cares,
But I can't sight Bill in a halo sot up on three blinded hairs.
In Heaven! What next, I wonder, for, strike me pink an' blue
If I savey what in thunder they 'll find for Bill to do!

He 'd never make one o' them angels with faces as white as chalk,
All wool to the toes, like hoggets, an' wings like a eagle 'awk:
He could n't 'arp for apples—his voice 'ad tones as jarred,
An' he 'd no more ear than a bald-faced bull, or calves in a brandin'-yard.

He could sit on a buckin' brumby like a nob in an easy-cheer,
An' chop his name with a green-hide fall on the flank of a flyin' steer;
He could show the saints in glory the way that a fall should drop,
But, sit on a throne!—not William—unless they could make it prop.

If the Heav'nly hosts get boxed now, as mobs most always will,
Why, who 'd cut 'em out like William, or draft on the camp like Bill?

Digitized by Google

An 'orseman 'd find it awkward, at first, with a push that flew;
But blame my cats if I knows what else they 'll find for Bill to do!

He might n't freeze to the seraphs, or chum with the cherubim,
But if ever them seraph-johnnies get pokin' it, like, at him,—
Well, if there 's hide in Heaven, an' silk for to make a lash,
He 'll yard the lot in the Jasper Lake in a blinded lightnin'-flash!

It 's hard if there ain't no cattle, but p'r'aps they 'll let him sleep,
An' wake him up at the Judgment for to draft them goats an' sheep:
It 's playin' it low on William, but p'r'aps he 'll buckle-to,
Just to show them high-toned seraphs what a mallee-man can do.

If they saddles a big-boned angel—with a turn o' speed, of course—
As can spiel like a four-year brumby, an' prop like an old camp-horse,—
If they puts Bill up with a snaffle, an' a four or five-inch spur,
An' eighteen foot o' green-hide for to chop the blinded fur,

Digitized by Google

MY MATE BILL.

[*To face Page 122.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

He 'll draft them blamed Angoras in a way, it 's safe to swear,
As 'll make them toney seraphs sit back on their thrones an' stare!

G. H. GIBSON.

WHAT THE BOTTLE SAID.

A BLISTERED span of blazing sand,
A burning arch of sky . . .
Despair and Death on either hand . . .
Alone . . . And so to die.

A sandbank in the Indian Sea,
With not a patch of shade . . .
An atoll in the awful sea,
Outside the tracks of trade.

Here write I this . . . and gaunt fiends too
Have written, mocking me—
One thrice-cursed wretch of all a crew,
One saved of twenty-three.

For twenty-two the sharks have ta'en,
And hungrily they fed;
For twenty-two ha' done with pain.
They suffered . . . They are dead.

Digitized by Google

One yet survives . . . Just God, the thirst
That tears my veins to-day . . .
The last! the last! . . . Why *last*, not FIRST?
. . . And why not yesterday?

No sail! No chance! I've tried to pray!
The end is coming—close . . .
Christ, ease my soul! Ah, take away
That face! . . . Ah, Nancy Mose!

The calm, wide waste! The sky spread clear!
All things to jibe my woe!
The girl who waits—so dear, so dear!
My Nance! I loved her so.

And I had sworn to come back soon!
. . . That this should be the last!
A boiling surf! A mad typhoon!
An hour! And all—the Past!

One battered wretch to fight for breath
And beat the breakers through—
Spared. Spared! My God! when kinder Death
Has smiled on twenty-two.

Not mad . . . not yet: but deep in Hell,
Ten fathoms deep, I've seen! . . .
Kind God, I sinned! Thou knowest well . .
But I was living clean.

Digitized by Google

Clean for her sake! . . .
Just now I stood
Where cool, clear water flows . . .
And rushed to drink! . . . I fell . . . My God!
. . . Ah, Nancy—Nancy Mose!

I 've prayed to Christ to let me go:
I 've cursed, I 've called, I 've cried . . .
And all the world may never know
The horrid way I died.

A heap of bones that wind and sun
Bleach whiter day by day—
A thing that festers in the sun!
A woman far away.

Out there! Out there! Ah, pain! I think . .
Cool, beaded wines . . iced, frothing beer!
Food! Food! Yes, food! Yes, food and drink!
. . . Oh! I am raving . . . here.

Have sucked the vein . . have eaten . . sand!
May Jesus pity me!
My brain gone strange to-day . . . my hand
Here signed . . . of twenty-three!

The *Bristol*, ship . . bound out . . Rangoon . .
June . . . twenty . . . forty-three . . .
Hard hit . . . nor'-east typhoon;
All hands . . . lost . . . lost . . . but me.

Digitized by Google

The *Bristol*, ship . . . in case ye find
The bottle . . . tell—if . . . none but those
Who suffer thirst . . . am going blind . . .
God bless you . . . Nancy Mose!

. . . . . .

Floated round, and washed around;
Flung a thousand leagues;
Carried round and eddied round
In ocean's mad intrigues—

Grim words upon a shred of cloth,
With human blood scrawled red,
A drifted tale of wreck and wrath—
And thus the Bottle said.

But only those can know and care
Who fight the Sea for bread
The inner Truth, red-written there,
Of what the Bottle said.

E. J. BRADY.

A GERMAN LAMENT.

I VAS doin' tam fine shplendid
Buyin' sheep-skins, vool, und drippin,
Und my cart-shpring mid ole Roany—
Vell, I lofe dem like mein vrow;

Digitized by Google

Now dot lofe affair ish ended,
Und mein face von't shtop from shlippin'
Ven I dinks apout dot pony
Und dot cart-shpring und mein cow.

Duyfel turn dot tam cow over
Mit her tail-board on he's fender—
If I tole her fifty tousand
Times I tole her vonce, to shdop
Feedin' alvays on dot clover,
But, like all dot female gender,
She must vant to know de "hows" and
"Vhys"; and so she bust up—*pop!*

Vell, I harness up mein vaggon—
For dot cow require some shiftin',
Und she die close up mein kitchen—
Den I makes mein vhip-stock crack,
Und dot cow pehind comes draggin';
Roany up hill do some liftin',
Und he sit back in de pritchin'
Comin' down de saddle track.

Soon dot funeral brocession,
Ve comes vindin' down de diggin's
Till I find a hole dot do me
For a grave-yart for mein cow.
Pretty kvick I take bossession
Of dot mine-shaft sunked by Higgins,
Und I gee mein horse-cart to me—
Vell, I haf no horse-cart now.

Digitized by Google

"Good-bye, Taisy!" und she's splashin'
Forty feet down mit de vater;
But dot rope I not untie it,
Und she drag mein horse-cart in—
Cart-shpring, Roany—all goes crashin'
Down mid tamful noise and schlaughter,
Und den ev'ryding's so quiet
Dot you could pick up a pin!

BENDER.

THE ANARCHIST.

THE dawn hangs heavy on the distant hill,
The darkness shudders slowly into light;
And from the weary bosom of the night
The pent winds sigh, then sink with horror still.

Naked and grey, the guillotine stands square
Upon the hill, while from its base the crowd
Surges out far, and waits, to silence cowed,
Impatient for the thing to happen there.

Listen! The bells within the tower toll
Five naked notes; and down within his cell
The prisoner hears and mutters, "It is well,"
Though like that other knife each cuts his soul.

His sick nerves from the probing echoes shrink.
"This is the end," he says; "let me be strong;
Let me be brave till then—'t is not for long:
I must not think of it—I must not think!"

Digitized by Google

See, through the courtyard, guarded, comes the slight
  Thin figure of the anarchist. Amazed,
  He sees the thousand faces swiftly raised—
The billows of the crowd break into white!

One narrow, alien glance below, and then
  The scene fades dimly from his film-glazed eyes;
  And shuddering he sees his past arise—
The cycle of his life begins again.

And as misshapen memories crowd fast
  Upon him, jostling in a sudden strife,
  Athwart the dull, drab level of his life
Stand sharply out the blood-stains of his past:

His youth, before he knew he had it, lost;
  His father's body by an accident
  'Neath the rich man's remorseless mill-wheels pent—
A corpse; and sister, mother, brother tossed

Out to the mercy of the merciless.
  His mother stricken next; her humble niche
  Was needed by the reckless and the rich,
And death was easier than life's loneliness.

His sister,—she had fortune in her face,
  And won it, too; till Vice's fingers tore
  The freshness from her figure, and no more
In idleness she flaunted her disgrace.

Digitized by Google

He lost her, stifled in the world's wide smother,
For years; till one night on the street they met.
She seized him—he can feel that hot thrill yet!—
She spoke him—knowing not he was her brother!

Wrong reeking of the rich incessantly!
Oppression and oppression o'er again!
Till from the smouldering hate within his brain
Mad fever fired the fuse of Anarchy.

Then plot and cunning, weak, futile and mean,
The maddened one against the many; thus
He strove to strangle Order's octopus—
And gained the goal at last—the guillotine!

It waits him grim and grey; he sees it not,
Nor hears the rising murmur ripple out
To the crowd's edge, and, turning, die in doubt.
The vague, uncertain future threatens—what?

So . . . shall he speak, fling out his last reply?
Why waste the time in trivialities?
One throbbing thought now holds him; and there is
No room for sign or speech—he has to die.

Only a murmur wavers up and shakes
The sullen air, then hesitates and dies;
And the grim hush of horror stifled lies,
Suspended like a billow ere it breaks.

Digitized by Google

One bitter prayer, half curse, he mutters when
  The knife hangs high above, and the world waits;
  But ere it swoops an age it hesitates:
The word is given, breaths are drawn, and then . . .

With eyes and soul close shut—be swift, relief!—
  The prisoner waits the end that does not come.
  For hark! that heavy, low, tumultuous hum
That surges, surges till it shouts "*Reprieve!*"

"*Reprieved and pardoned!*" All his senses swim
  In a rose-mist! As Sleep's soft hand that soothes
  The tense, strained limbs of fevered Day and smoothes
Life's knotted nerves—so comes relief to him. . . .

And when he woke again his soul, set free,
  Had wandered far, within a moment's space,
  And seen the sadness of God's silent face—
The mighty calm of immortality.

How like a triumph his home-coming! Then
  The glorious news that met him,—how that Right
  Had routed Wrong, for ever faction's fight
Was finished, and the world was one again!

Then swiftly through his swimming, mist-dimmed eyes
  He sees the good and great uprise again;
  And Reason rings the knell of grief and pain:
The gladdened new world lapped in sunlight lies.

Digitized by Google

Long life was his, with honour. On Fame's breath
His name was borne, until in perfect peace—
Glad like a mellow fruit to fall and cease—
His long life ripened richly into death. . . .

Yet none knew this but he. The crowd still waits;
Shoots swift the lightning of the knife, and loud
Roars the hoarse thunder from the sated crowd,
And justice has been done. God compensates.

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

THE FALL OF PATRICK DOOLEY.

LASHT Christmas, begorra!
Oi know to my sorra,
A gosht from the ind of the wurrld kem along;
An' the same was O'Hagan,
That out-an'-out pagan,
As wild as the Divil an' ten toimes as shtrong.

Jist thin Oi was sober;
For, back in October,
I'd taken the plidge—done the timperance thrick—
An' so, to be sayrious,
Oi 'd dhrunk bottles various
Of cowld soda-wather wid niver a shtick.

Digitized by Google

Shure, I was a sample
An' shinin' example
Of tay-total vartue an' timperance thruth;
Till flamin' O'Hagan,
That ragin' ould pagan,
Made me dhrunk as a lord widout wettin' a tooth.

His gosht kem in blinkin',
An' cursin', an' winkin';
Sez Oi, "Ye 've been dhrinkin', O'Hagan, Oi fear?"
Says he, "Parthrick Dooley,
Yer shpakin' untrooley,
Oi have n't touched liquor this twinty-five year!

"Shure, you know, Oi expired
Before Oi got tired
Of atin' an' dhrinkin' of whisky my fill;
The shtuff got so well in—
It 's thruth that Oi 'm tellin'—
The gosht of that whisky goes round wid me still!

"It 's moighty provokin'
To spind your loife soakin'
Up whisky that lives whin ye're gobbled by Death;
'T is dishdainful they trate me,
No gosht cares to mate me,
An' the Divil himsilf got dead dhrunk on my breath!"

One whiff then he gave me,
An', if ye 'll belave me,
Oi was dead to the wurrld, Oi was dhrunk as a posht;

Digitized by Google

And now, iver afther,
They call me, wid laughther,
"The man who got dhrunk on the breath of a gosht!"

They taunt an' they jeer me,
An' say they found near me
Some tin impty bottles—but yet Oi do say
'T was the breath of O'Hagan,
That shcoundrelly pagan,
That made me so dhrunk upon lasht Christmas Day!

E. J. DEMPSEY.

THE JESTER OF THE DAMNED.

THE Laughter-Maker was dead who had shaken the world with mirth;
His soul flew up from the grave, leaving a mournful earth;

Up through the web of the stars, till he came to the Gates of Gold,
And there he claimed admittance right haughtily and bold:

"Out on the earth You created, my laughter can move them all;
When they saw my name on the coffin, they sniggered under my pall.

Digitized by Google

"When the collar was tight and galling, the yoke too heavy to bear,
I taught them how to ease it, I lightened the load of care.

"Weary and wasted women, haggard and hopeless men,
Drank for a moment from Lethe, learnt to be merry again;

"Laughter bred patient courage; I, with my gibes and quips,
Taught them to dance in the fetters, laugh at the curling whips—

"They whom love had forsaken, they whom love had accurst,
They whose souls were ready out of their lives to burst,

"They whom the world had trampled—asking but breathing space—
Rose and conquered the world by laughing back in its face.

"Gaze on the green globe yonder, whirring and spinning along!
Through the hoarse jar of its engines catch you a wisp of song?

"Mine is the song they are singing, mine is the mirth you hear,
Over the steaming turmoil and jangle of rusted gear:

Digitized by Google

"Laugh when the strain's severest—make it a joke—you can!
Smile at the nerve that tingles—conquer it—prove a man!

"Play with the scythe and hour-glass—grin for his grin give Death!
Show him you are his master—laugh with your dying breath!

"This is the creed I have practised, this is the faith I taught—
Ask of the millions yonder the miracles it has wrought.

"How do you reckon the tally? What is the wage I hold?
Have I not earned my welcome? Open the Gates of Gold!"

Strangely the Judge smiled, speaking: "Judge of yourself you 'll be—
You are paid in the coin you pay with; and for the payment—See!"

Opened the lapis arches, parted the sapphired sheen—
The Laughter-Maker fell on his knees at the sight revealed between.

All the glow of a garden, all that a sunset shows,
All the distracting beauty that flushes the face of a rose!

Hues that play in the opal, shadows on molten gold,
Just ere the ingot, cooling, frosts in the shielding mould!

Digitized by Google

Music the midnight planets murmur down in the deep,
All the haunting faces thronging a Poet's sleep!

. . . . . .

"Now," said the Judge, "for your verdict! What does that Ruby declare?
Look in the mirror of blood and flame, and read your answer there!"

A strutting, leering clown, with a hideous painted face,
Dull, soulless eyes and coarse lips curled in a mountebank's grimace!

Said the Judge, as there rose faint harmonies of some celestial hymn:
"How would that figure look, think you, in the choir of the Seraphim?

"What have the Blest with laughter? They have no whips to endure;
You and your Art grotesque would here have a sinecure."

The Laughter-Maker saw and heard, and he knew his ugliness!
He turned away and dropped in dismay to the depths of nothingness,

Till he came to the Other Gates—black and rusty and grim—
And through the keyhole flew fiery tongues that sputtered and spat at him.

Digitized by Google

Back they flew at his summons, and out on the roaring flame
Came cheers upon cheers in chorus, when the Janitor gave his name.

"Welcome, O Laughter-Maker! Bring him with honour in,
Truly our Lord is good to the suffering sons of Sin!

"Here is the balm we have needed—give us a rousing joke!
Help us to empty our lungs of the stench of the sulphur smoke!

"Make us scoff at the brimstone, teach us to laugh at the coals;
Yours shall it be to win the debris of the hearts of poor damned souls!

"Way for the grand procession! Room for the Lords of Hell!
Guards, present your pokers! Ring the Great Fire Bell!"

They marched the Laughter-Maker in: Cerberus wagged his tail;
Charon caught a crab with joy, when he joined in the crowd's "All Hail!"

They gave him a lofty throne on the edge of a crater's pit,
With heralds around in a ring to trumpet forth his wit.

Loud they blared his laughter, over the burning seas,
Into the bubbling cesspits, bringing a brief surcease

Digitized by Google

To roast and toast and turning-spit and skewer and frizzling hide,
The rabid devouring draught that flew through the damper open wide.

They tied their tails in true-love knots, danced round him where he sat;
But they prodded his ribs with toasting-forks whenever the joke fell flat.

They splashed him over with lava, made him skip on red-hot bricks,
Gave him to drink from a kettle's mouth—till he had to learn new tricks.

And when his wage they threw him, laughing and shouting "Encore!"
He picked it up—'t was heated pence—and then they laughed the more.

There in the City of Devils—star of comedians—he
Plays the lead in a one-act farce for all eternity.

And sitting where they have throned him, the Jester of the Damned,
At times he thinks of the Gates of Gold, that in his face were slammed,

And then his laugh is loudest! never he plays so well,
As when he remembers Heaven, he—who is damned in Hell.

J. H. GREENE.

Digitized by Google

THE HAIRY MAN OF KOORAWATHA.

THERE 'S a range beneath whose savage scowl the low land cowers in craven dread,—
A fierce black ridge that Nature seems to have formed in a furious whim;
Where gibbers grey through the scrub show bare, like warts and wens on a woolly head,
And shunned by shepherds in bygone days as the haunt of a Monster grim.
And all whom evil chance allowed that Being's shape to scan,
With white and shuddering lips avowed 't was—ugh!—*just like a man!*

"If Oi must choose betwane yahoos an' settlers' sheep,' said he,
"Oi 'll take my chance wid the hairy min,"—and he chuckled with churlish glee.
Well, years had passed in a hum-drum way since the Creature had last been seen of men,
When Mick Mulleary came along in search of a vacant block,
And coolly put in his corner peg within a mile of the Monster's den,—
Quite chirpy indeed to have dropped upon such a splendid run for stock.

Digitized by Google

So he settled down like a pioneer and was well content
as a bear might be,
Till he took a fit in the field one day at the sound of a
splitter's axe;
And he growled to his wife as he rallied to, "Is there no
law for the loikes of me?
Be the powers of war Oi 'll make him shift in less than a
brace o' cracks.
There 's the rabbit-pest an' all the rest of the plagues
we 've got to face,
But there 's divil a nuisance among thim ahl to aiqual the
human race."

Then he rigged himself from scalp to toe in a glove-tight
suit of dingo-skins,
And stole away to the mountain side while muttering in
undertone:
"Consarnin' that shplitter beyant," said he, "if he 's
annyways frisky about his pins
Oi 'll make him clare out of camp as fast as the divil
wint out of Athlone.
And thin, maybe, they 'll lave me free whin they find, as
sure as they will,
There are rale yahoos an' bunyips an' things round
Koorawatha still.

"But hould on now! is it mad ye are that ye 've no
regard for a loaded gun?
Fwhat a splindid mark for a sportsman! . . . Och! the
saints be kind this day!" . . .

Digitized by Google

He stood aghast, for fair in front was the thing itself—
the Hairy One!—
There, peering over a clump of rock not twenty yards
away,
In nasty truth a face uncouth—all nose and mouth and
ears,
And a straggling beard like stringy-bark, and hair all
spikes and spears.

Limp as a rag with awful fright, Mick felt just then he'd
lost his legs,
But soon re-action braced him tight and gave him wings
instead;
And nearing home he came upon his wife on the hunt
for turkey-eggs,
Who, unaware of his wild disguise, let out a screech
and fled.
He chased her straight through the cow-yard gate 'mid a
racket of terrified howls
From freckled young savages, mixed with the yelps of
curs and the cackle of fowls.

. . . . . .

Time kills romance. A candidate drove up one day to
Mulleary's gate,
And sought with greasy smile and speech a solid vote
to score;
But Mick could only gape and stare, for in the trap
before him there
Was the very face he'd seen amongst the rocks three
years before.

Digitized by Google

THE HAIRY MAN OF KOORAWATHA.

[*To face Page 142.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

At length, in pique at non-success, the face began to sneer;
"No doubt," said he, "you hit it well among your neighbours here,
Although a passing glimpse of one was quite enough for me;
But p'rhaps he was a friend of yours—a relative, maybe?"
"It 's not the Hairy Man," said Mick, "ye need be afther fearin';
As I belave he 's had a shave—*and gone electioneerin' !*"

TOM FREEMAN.

A BIG "BUST."

"THE wildest bust I ever struck," the lean old bushman said,
"Was run up by a gentleman they christened Heavy Ned.

"A s'perior sort o' person—which they often is the worst—
With Gehenner and the Tropics planted in him fer a thirst.

"To try an' quench that thirst by pourin' liquor in his shirt
Was like a-irrigatin' the Sahara with a squirt.

"He went out on a bust one time, an' when the devils come
He scooted for the plain with 'arf a yard o' Hogan's rum.

Digitized by Google

"An' there he held his jamboree for fourteen days, I swear,
An' jim-jams swarmed from all the world like locusts in the air.

"It was a noble levee. In the middle of a ring
Ned sat in state, receivin' of his jim-jams, like a king."

"Two weeks?" a doubter murmured—"Why, he 'd starve. What did he eat?"
"He caught the fantods," said old Jim, "an' ate the beggars neat."

"The fantods? Rats! They was n't real." The old man answered: "So,
Of course, they was n't real, my lad, *but how was he to know?*"

EDWARD DYSON.

A TIGHT CORNER.

"YES, I know it 's a mighty poor chance, but there 's no other way.
Look, man, look at her lips! Don't you see they 're already quite blue?

P'r'aps ten minutes, p'r'aps twenty, and then—it will be as I say.
No. There 's no other remedy now; it 's the one thing to do.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

'Where's the canula, nurse? And the silk, and that needle,—quick!

One per thousand 'perchloride'—here, please; put the lamp on that chair.

. . . . . .

"Are you ready now, Clarisse? All right, dear! it's only a prick.

. . . . . .

"Sponge, nurse! No, *no*—a *clean* one! The tube!—just a second now—*There!*

. . . . . .

"Hold up, Ted! It's all over—— Oh, bosh! She's as right as the bank.

Yes, perhaps for a moment—but mind, she can't speak, so don't talk.

. . . . . .

"Owe me! Fiddlesticks! don't be an ass; it's not *me* you've to thank.

Here! drink this. Light your pipe: that's your sort! Now then, come for a walk."

C. H. SOUTER.

THE ROAD TO WYOMING.

UPON the road to Wyoming
The cool ferns rustled in the wood,
When I rode forth to gain a thing
That was to me Life's only good.

Digitized by Google

O Love so lightly understood!
O last gleam of a golden wing!
I may not ride now, though I would,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

The deep, cool stillness after rain,
The fragrant earth, the dripping trees,
The road still winding to attain
The far-off mountain's mysteries,
The dappled shade the boughs would fling—
My dream of joy endeared all these
Upon the road to Wyoming.

Till, all the long miles ridden through,
I saw her standing by the fence
To greet me with a shyness new,
A heavenly coldness of pretence.
She knew the gift I came to bring,
She knew I loved her, soul and sense,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

She stood between the day and night,
Between red sunset and pale moon;
Her head drooped in the mystic light
As droops a lily in the noon;
Her voice was low and faltering,
Her beauty made my senses swoon,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

Digitized by Google

I leaped from off my horse in haste
(The moon grew bright, the day waxed pale)
The world without was but a waste:
I feared to let her power prevail,
Yet spoke, on reason's backward swing;
I kissed her, by the paddock rail,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

O unforgotten moment! won
From out the clutch of ruthless Fate!
I clasped her close, my only one,
The mistress of my love and hate,
My heart that gold head pillowing,—
Ah me! ah me! we lingered late
Upon the road to Wyoming.

I rode away before the morn,
I rode to win her wealth and fame;
Her love should never turn to scorn,
Her pride should be to bear my name.
For I would conquer Life, and bring
All gifts to feed that altar flame
Upon the road to Wyoming.

I whispered close to her pale mouth
One year should see me claim my bride;
Then East and West and North and South
I fought the cold, fierce ocean-tide:

Digitized by Google

One gold tress twisted in a ring
  Was all my token of that ride
Upon the road to Wyoming.

For her I fought, for her I won;
  I came when Summer's golden haze
Lay on this land that loves the sun,
  The land of pastoral, peaceful days . . .
Straight as a shaft flies from the string
  I passed along the old, old ways
Upon the road to Wyoming.

I drew so near our meeting-place,
  I dreamed I kissed her lips again;
Then, ah! I saw her living face,
  Her grey eyes washed with purple stain,
Her shape, her light, swift footsteps' swing,
  Her loosened tresses' golden grace,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

But, oh! just gods! even more than this
  I saw, and better were she dead!
A stranger came that face to kiss,
  And laughed, and stroked that sunlit head:
Even now I feel the serpent sting
  That turned the azure sky blood-red,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

Digitized by Google

I held my hand—I did not slay;
O woman! you were pale with fear.
I was the fool,—you cried that day;
I left you for a whole long year,
As if you were a flower to fling
Aside for months!—I had faint cheer
Upon the road to Wyoming.

For so you spoke when he was gone,
And I rode up and faced you there;
Ah, well, poor reed that I leaned on,
You have some sorrow for your share!
I think your guardian saint took wing
When you grew false through sheer despair,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

Ah, better had you died, in truth;
And I—I dreamed of death that hour;
But in a flash, my stricken youth,
My slain love, faded like a flower.
I saw what gifts the years might bring:
Great truths should crush that falsehood's power
Upon the road to Wyoming.

So forward to outlive the lie,
Far from your false white arms and breast!
Though I shall carry till I die
The fierce regret that cannot rest.

Digitized by Google

Though love has grown a worthless thing,
I see you always, golden tressed,
Upon the road to Wyoming.

I see you always, though again
I shall not clasp your perjured hand;
Though love survive, betwixt us twain
For evermore the fierce gods stand!
Farewell! for myriad voices sing
From shore to shore, though none remain
Upon the road to Wyoming.

Farewell! farewell! Had you been true,
Even life had been not much to miss;
But now—a few more years lived through,
And we forget the pang of this.
—Death's starry silence shall not bring
One promise precious as your kiss
Upon the road to Wyoming!

EVELYN THRELFALL.

JIM JAMIESON, OF TRINGABAR.

JIM JAMIESON,
Of Tringabar,
By everyone
Both near and far
Was known to be the meanest man
That e'er sold sawdust mixed with bran;

Digitized by Google

He had a stiff-
Kneed, mangy moke,
Which looked as if
Its heart was broke;
A nag of venerable age
But questionable parentage.

Now this same Jim,
One morning hot,
Selected him
A gun and shot,
And cantered off to try to shoot
Some wandering hare or bandicoot.

And when so far
Arrived as the
Particular
Locality
Where game abounds, he tied his horse
But just beyond a watercourse.

"You beast!" he said,
"You landed me
Upon my head
This morning. See!
No food or drink with my consent
Until to-night, for punishment."

He stalked away;
With anxious eye
His famished steed

Digitized by Google

Observed near by
A juicy pile (delicious sight!)
Of cartridges, marked "Dynamite."

One dubious sniff
And they had passed,
Gulped down as if
The region vast
Where they reposed had ne'er before
Partaken such ambrosia.

When Jim arrived,
His gallant steed,
Although deprived
Of grassy feed,
Bulged slightly; on his bony side
He lay, prostrate but satisfied.

A curse, a whack,
An angry snort,
A rumble; and
A loud report! . . .
Now o'er the plains of Tringabar
Jim Jamieson lies scattered far.

PAN.

THE MALLEE FIRE.

I SUPPOSE it just depends on where you 're raised.
Once I met a cove as swore by green belar!
Could n't sight the good old mallee-stump I praised:
Well—*I* could n't sight belar, and there you are!

Digitized by Google

But the faces in the fire where the mallee-stump's a-blinking
Are the friendliest I ever seen, to *my* way o' thinking!

In the city where the fires is mostly coal—
There! I can't abear to go and warm my feet!
Spitting, fizzing things as has n't got no soul!
Things as puffs out yaller smoke instead of heat!

But at home—well, it *is* home when the mallee-stump's a-burning,
And the evening's drawing chilly and the season is a-turning!

And there's some as runs them down because they're tough.
Well? And what's the good of anythink as *ain't*?
No. It's nary use to serve 'em any bluff,
For they'd use up all the patience of a saint.

But they'll split as sweet as sugar if you know the way to take 'em.
If you *don't*, there isn't nothink in the world as'll make 'em!

They're tremenjus hard to kindle, tho', at first:
Like a friendship of the kind as comes to stay.
You can blow and blow and blow until you burst,
And when they won't, they *won't* burn, anyway!

But when once they gets a start, tho' they make no showy flashes,
Well, they'll serve you true and honest to the last pinch of ashes!

C. H. SOUTER.

Digitized by Google

AMONG THE PALMS.

TO save the past by one brave deed!
The time was "now," the place "this spot."
Love-stifled rage importunes speed,
For Hate can thrive where Love will rot.

A noiseless step, a whispered word,
A man clasped in a woman's arms!
The white-faced watcher saw and heard,
And beckoned Death—among the palms.

He kissed a dagger's silvered hilt—
Her gift once in the long ago;
Then whispering Heaven—"Forgive *her* guilt!"
He freed her with a single blow.

And who shall say 't was ill or good
Who reads not the Recorder's scroll? . . .
An angel came and caught his blood;
A devil laughed and took his soul.

I only see what might have been;
A girl locked in a dead man's arms;
A traitor slain, a stain wiped clean—
Among the palms, among the palms.

HESKETH.

Digitized by Google

DREAMS AND DEEDS.

IN dreams—I wield the lightning's flash
And whip the wearying planet's pace.
In deed—I tremble at the dash
Of cabman's whip flicked near my face.

In dreams—with joyous gods I dine,
And nectar's none too good for me.
In fact—I take another line:
A very mildish kind of tea.

In dreams—I lead an armed host
To victory through storm and stress.
In deed—my fiercest fight at most
Is but an ill-played game of chess.

In dreams—I own a business vast,
And in huge industries engage.
In deed—at risks I stand aghast
And tremble for my weekly wage.

In dreams—my well-kept garden knows
The harvest of my steady toil.
In deed—the weeds in serried rows
Possess my patch of city soil.

Good Sancho gave his thanks for Sleep,
But, when I see how sordid seems
This world of those who toil and weep,
I offer up my thanks for Dreams.

Digitized by Google

They come with cruel Fact to cope
And temper stern old Fate's decrees;
They dower day with art and hope
And night with varied fantasies.

And, if you add up Life's account,
You'll find the dreams, though filmy-light,
Are far the best of the amount:
The things that make the balance right!

E. J. DEMPSEY.

BOKO.

ALL the riding-gear is rusty, all the girths and straps are dusty,
And the saddle 's old and mouldy where it 's hanging on the wall;
While the stockwhip and the bridle on their pegs are hanging idle,
And old Boko comes no longer to the sliprails when I call.
No, because his bones are lying where *I* lay beneath him dying
When the game old stock-horse blundered at the jump, and broke his neck;
And I got a woeful smashing when the poor old fellow, crashing
Through the timber, crushed me under to a bruised and sightless wreck.

Digitized by Google

With his single eye to guide him, very few could live beside him,
Though he was no thoroughbred, but just a poor old grass-fed moke;
And we held the reputation, crack scrub-dashers on the station:
You could track us through the mulga by the timber that we broke.
And the day we got the buster was just after bangtail-muster;
I had asked the super.'s daughter to become head-stockman's wife:
She had answered, "I am ready. If you 'll promise to be steady;
If you 'll give up drink and fighting, Jack, and lead a decent life."

And from that our quarrel started—both grew angry and we parted,
And that night I started drinking at the shanty on the Flat
Where the o.p. grog is snaky; and next day all wild and shaky
I rode over to a picnic that I knew she would be at.
She was there all mirth and gladness, but I masked my sullen madness—
Held aloof, and would not see the sorrow growing in her eyes;
All around were gay and busy, but my brain was hot and dizzy,
When an old man kangaroo went bounding past across the rise.

Digitized by Google

Spurs and bits and stirrups jingled, shouts and glad
confusion mingled,
While we urged the dogs and horses, fresh and eager
for the fray;
Horses, too, with plenty breeding, but the old bush nag
was leading,—
Once we left the open country Boko showed them all
the way.
Dead Box Rise and She-oak Hollow taxed their horse-
manship to follow;
At the old marsupial fence I had them pounding at their
top;
Half-insane and wild with liquor, still I led and urged
them quicker,
Though the rest were pulling up and some were calling
out to stop.

It was only reckless flashness, only harebrained drunken
rashness;
I looked back and laughed to see them drawing rein
away behind;
Then I turned and spurred him to it, but he struck and
toppled through it,—
When they dragged me from beneath him he was dead,
and I was blind.
When I woke to know my blindness, then I woke to
know *her* kindness,
For she stood beside my bed and bandaged up my
shattered brow,

Digitized by Google

BOKO.

"Then I turned and spurred him to it, but he struck and toppled through it!"

[*To face Page 158.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Whisp'ring, "Let me help to bear it. I was wrong and I will share it.
Won't you have me, for I love you just as much as ever now?"

And she would have shared my sorrow through this night that has no morrow,
But I loved her far too well to let her be a cripple's bride;
And at times when I am able just to ramble to the stable,
Where I sit and dream of Boko and of many a merry ride,—
I can hear *her* children playing; I can hear the horses neighing;
I can hear the stockwhips cracking when the cattle reach the yard;—
But my sightless eyes may glisten—all the world is one dark prison,
And the gates to light and gladness shall be never more unbarred.

. . . . . .

For the riding-gear is rusty, and the racing-tackle musty,
And though Boko's bones are bleaching, there are colts upon the plain—
Fiery colts just fit for breaking; but my heart is sadly aching,
For I know that I will never ride nor show the way again.

CURLEW.

Digitized by Google

"DUNNO!"

'MEMBER Jim? Long, lanky slab,
Seemed he had no tongue to gab.
Shed all clucking, he'd lie low;
Ask him; *he'd* say, "Oh! dunno!"

Mighty hard to interest Jim,
Most things wuz the same to him;
Sport or politics had no show;
Jim would say, "Oh, I dunno!"

Jim got struck on Quigly's girl,
She on him—she *was* a pearl!
But he *could n't* talk, an' he *would n't* go,
An' what to do Jim did n't know.

So, seein' 's how Jim made no play,
"D'yer love me?" she asks *him* one day.
Jim he thinks, looks at her slow,
An'—s'elp me!—says he, "I dunno!"

Broke it off? You bet a quid!
Took it easy too, Jim did.
Not a chap much on for show,
But he felt it—yes!—*I* know!

Digitized by Google

Night the fire burnt Quigly's place,
Jim—yer should 'ave seen 'is face!—
Rushed in—bli' me, he *would* go!—
What for? Quigly's girl, you know.

Got her safe—but *he*, my word!
Parson came 's soon 's he heard.
"You a Christian?" he says low,
Jim just gasps out, "I—dun—no!"

Died then, Jim did. Parson, well,
He guessed Jim would go to Hell.
'Cos he was n't "saved," I s'pose—
Mebbe there 's a God who knows.

BERNARD ESPINASSE.

THE FAT MAN AND THE WAR.

THEY sing of the pride of battle,
They sing of the Dogs of War,
Of the men that are slain like cattle
On African soil afar.

They sing of the gallant legions
A-bearin' the battle's brunt.
Out in them torrid regions
A-fightin' the foe in front.

Digitized by Google

They sing of Mauser and Maxim,
  And their doin's across the foam,
But I hear none sing of the Fat Man
  Who sits at his ease at home,

Contrivin' another measure
  For scoopin' a lump o' tin,
New coffers to hoard the treasure
  That his brothers' blood sweeps in;

Chock-full o' zeal for speedin'
  The sword of his Queen's behest,
But other men's legs to bear it
  Is the notion that suits him best.

Nothin' he knows of fightin';
  He never was built that way;
But the game of War is excitin'
  When the stake's worth more than the play.

An' a fat little time is comin',
  When the turmoil has settled down,
An' the Dogs of War are silent,
  And the veldt is bare an' brown;

When the sun has licked the blood up
  An' the brown earth hid the bones,
His miners will go out seekin'
  For gold and precious stones.

Digitized by Google

Like a ghoul from the reekin' shambles
He grubs out his filthy pelf,
Reapin' a cursed harvest
Where he dursn't have sown himself.

Now, this is one man's opinion,
An' I think it is fair an' right:
If he wants the land of the Dutchman
Let him go like a man an' fight.

If the African mines have treasure,
An' the Fat Man wants a bone,
Let him go by himself an' find it,
Let him trek for the Front alone!

MAGNET.

THE SHOE.

BATTERED and worn on the wayside lay
A shoe, unseen by the busy throng
Of passers who, through the dusty way,
From morn to eve had hurried along.

The sight of that shoe to me has brought
A host of fancies, merry and sad,
Of a heart that struggled and toiled and wrought,
With never an hour of its life made glad.

Digitized by Google

Of a joyous and happy and winsome maid,
With mind all free from thought of guile;
Of a soul with sin's black sorrows lade,
Of a face that ne'er was lit by a smile.

Had the shoe been worn by any of these?
Was the wearer of it young and fair?
The answer is one, I hope, will please—
It was torn from the hoof of old Brown's mare.

J. M. L.

THE COCKY'S HANDY MAN.

THE soldier has his glory, and the sailor has his joy,
And we've heard in song and story of the little cabin-boy;
The shearer's mostly beering when he is n't on the strike;
The city clerk's careering on the "time-extended" bike;
Their web of life they spin it on a fast and fevered plan,
But for fun they are n't in it with the cocky's handy man!

Then it's feed the squealing "Dinnis," and it's yard the milkers up;
The sun's behind Maginnis; an'—"Hi! Patsy, chain that pup!
Put up thim rails behind you, there, you good-for-nothing lout;
'T is often I remind you—Holy Smoke! the pig is out!

Digitized by Google

Here, Tiger—heel him—heel him! head him, Patsy, at
the fince;
Hurr—hiss, Tiger! wheel him, there, you gaping want-o'-
sinse."
And "Dinnis" listens gravely to the wild halloo they raise,
Then runs the gauntlet bravely into Dan Malowny's
"pays."

The carrier is jolly, and the drover does n't care;
The navvy's full of folly, and a demon on the "tear";
The miner has his "moments," and the syndicate the
mine;
The "push" a ruction foments when it 's out upon the wine;
But for rorty joy and rapid under Heaven's spacious span
The chance you cannot cap it of the cocky's handy man!

Then it 's git up, Captain—Punch, there—that 's a coo-ee
from the stack;
They 're eating all the lunch there—but Kitty 'll save
my whack;
Her eyes are black and blazing, but for me they 're ever
kind,
And in their depths a-gazing I can read a willing mind.
Gee-off!—this blessed lurching knocks the neatest load
awry,
And clouds of flies are searching in recess of nose and eye.
Way—woh—look-out! it 's over. Oh, condemn the
crimson hole!
I 'm booked an early "rover"—hear Maginnis *bless* my
soul!

Digitized by Google

There are places and positions worth the while of man to hold,
And phases and conditions with the shining sheen of gold;
But, O! the situation when I Kitty's waist enfold—
I'd change not for creation fair the billet that I hold;
Through Labour's ranks a-ranging find a fellow if you can
Who'd lose by places changing with the cocky's handy man!

BEN SUN.

BASHFUL GLEESON.

FROM her home beyond the river in the parting of the hills,
Where the wattles' fleecy blossom surged and scattered in the breeze,
And the tender creepers twined about the chimneys and the sills,
And the garden flamed with colour like an Eden through the trees,—

She would come along the gully, where the ferns grew golden fair,
In the stillness of the morning, like the spirit of the place,
With the sun-shafts caught and woven in the meshes of her hair,
And the pink and white of heath-bloom sweetly blended in her face.

Digitized by Google

She was fair, and small, and slender-limbed, and buoyant
as a bird;
Fresh as wild, white, dew-dipped violets where the
bluegum's shadow goes,
And no music like her laughter in the joyous bush was
heard,
And the glory of her smile was as a sunbeam in a rose.

Ben felt mighty at the windlass when she watched him
hauling stuff,
And she asked him many questions, "What is that?"
and "Why is this?"
Though his bashfulness was painful, and he answered
like a muff,
With his foolish "My word, Missie!" and his "Beg your
pardon, Miss."

He stood six foot in his bluchers, stout of heart and
strong of limb;
For her sake he would have tackled any man or any
brute;
Of her half a score of suitors none could hold a light to
him,
And he owned the richest hole along the Bullock Lead
to boot.

Yet while Charley Mack and Hogan, and the Teddywaddy
Skite
Put in many pleasant evenings at "The Bower," Ben
declined,

Digitized by Google

And remained a mere outsider, and would spend one half the night
Waiting, hid among the trees, to watch her shadow on the blind.

He was laughed at on the river, and as far as Kiley's Still
They would tell of Bashful Gleeson, who was "gone on" Kitty Dwyer,
But, beyond defeating Hogan in a pleasant Sunday mill,
Gleeson's courtship went no further till the morning of the fire.

We were called up in the darkness, heard a few excited words;
In the garden down the flat a Chow was thumping on a gong;
There were shouts and cooeys on the hills, and cries of startled birds,
But we saw the gum leaves redden, and that told us what was wrong.

O'er "The Bower" the red cloud lifted as we sprinted for the punt.
Gleeson took the river for it in the scanty clothes he wore.
Dwyer was madly calling Kitty when we joined the men in front;
Whilst they questioned, hoped, and wondered, Ben was smashing at the door.

Digitized by Google

He went in amongst the smoke, and found her room; but some have said
That he dared not pass the threshold—that he lingered in distress,
Game to face the fire, but not to pluck sweet Kitty from her bed—
And he knocked and asked her timidly to "please get up and dress."

Once again he called, and waited till a keen flame licked his face;
Then a Spartan-like devotion welled within the simple man,
And he shut his eyes and ventured to invade the sacred place,
Found the downy couch of Kitty, clutched an armful up, and ran.

True or not, we watched and waited, and our hearts grew cold and sick
Ere he came; we barely caught him as the flame leapt in his hair.
He had saved the sheets, a bolster, and the blankets, and the tick;
But we looked in vain for Kitty—pretty Kitty was n't there!

And no wonder: whilst we drenched him as he lay upon the ground,
And her mother wailed entreaties that it wrung our hearts to hear,

Digitized by Google

Hill came panting with the tidings that Miss Kitty had
been found,
Clad in white, and quite unconscious, 'mid the saplings
at the rear.

. . . . . .

We're not certain how it happened, but I've heard the
women say
That 't was Kitty's work. She saw him when the doctor
left, they vow,
Swathed in bandages and helpless, and she kissed him
where he lay.
Anyhow, they're three years married, and—he is n't
bashful now.

EDWARD DYSON.

SKEETA.

OUR Skeeta was married! Our Skeeta! the tomboy
and pet of the place—
No more as a maiden we'd greet her; no more would her
pert little face
Light up the chill gloom of the parlour; no more would
her deft little hands
Serve drinks to the travel-stained caller on his way to
more southerly lands:

Digitized by Google

No more would she chaff the rough drovers, and send
them away with a smile;
No more would she madden her lovers demurely with
womanish guile—
The "prince" from the great Never Never, with light
touch of lips and of hand,
Had come, and enslaved her for ever—a potentate
bearded and tanned
From the land where the white mirage dances its dance
of death over the plains,
With the glow of the sun in his glances, the lust of the
west in his veins;
His talk of wild cattle and rushes—a curious slang on his
lips—
Of narrow escapes and of brushes with niggers on perilous
trips;
A supple-thewed, desert-bred rover, with naught to
commend him but this:
That he was her idol, her lover, who 'd fettered her heart
with a kiss.

They were wed—and he took her to Warren, where she
in her love was content;
But town life to him was too foreign, so back to the
droving he went:
A man away down on the border of Vic. bought some
cattle from Cobb
And gave Harry Parker the order to go to the Gulf for
the mob:

Digitized by Google

And he went, for he held her love cheaper than his wish
to re-live the old life—
Or his reason might yet have been deeper—I called it
deserting his wife!

Then one morning his horses were mustered; the start
on the journey was made;
A clatter, an oath through the dust heard, was the last of
the long cavalcade.
As we stood by the stockyard assembled—poor child!
how she strove to be brave!
But yet I could see how she trembled at the careless
farewell that he gave.

We brought her back home on the morrow; but none of
us ever may learn
Of the fight that she fought to keep sorrow at bay till her
husband's return.
Her girlhood had gone, and in going had left her in
bitterness steeped:
How gladsome and gay was the sowing! how bitter the
crop that she reaped!
Her girlhood had gone, and had left her a woman in all
but in years—
Of laughter and joy had bereft her, and brought in their
place nought but tears.

Yet still, as the months passed, a treasure was brought
her by Love, ere he fled;
And garments of infantile measure she fashioned with
needle and thread:

Digitized by Google

She fashioned with linen and laces and ribbons a nest for her bird,
While colour returned to her face as the bud of maternity stirred.
It blossomed and died: we arrayed it in all its soft splendour of white,
And sorrowing took it and laid it in earth whence it sprung, out of sight.
She wept not at all, only whitened, as Death, in his pitiless quest,
Leant over her pillow and tightened the throat of the child at her breast.

She wept not: her soul was too tired; for waiting is harrowing work;
And then I bethought me and wired away to the agents in Bourke.
'T was little enough I could glean there; 't was little enough that they knew:
They answered he had n't been seen there, but might in a week—perchance two.

She wept not at all—only whitened with staring too long at the night:
There was only one time when she brightened—that time when red dust hove in sight,
And settled and hung on the backs of the cattle, and altered their spots,
While the horses swept up, with their packs of blue blankets and jingling pint-pots.

Digitized by Google

She always was set upon meeting those boisterous cattle men, lest
Her husband had sent her a greeting by one of them, in from the West.
Not one of them ever owned to him, or seemed to remember the name:
(The truth was they all of them knew him, but would n't tell *her* of his shame).
But never, though long time she waited, did her faith in the faithless grow weak;
And each time the outer door grated, an eager flush sprang to her cheek:

'T was n't him, and it died with a flicker; and then what I 'd long dreaded came:
I was serving two drovers with liquor when one of them mentioned his name.
"Oh, yes!" said the other one, winking, "on the Paroo I saw him; he 'd been
In Eulo a fortnight then, drinking, and driving about with 'The Queen,'
While the bullocks were going to glory, and his billet was not worth a damn!"
I told him to cut short the story, as I pulled-to the door with a slam.
Too late! for the words were loud-spoken, and Skeeta was out in the hall:
Then I knew that a girl's heart was broken, as I heard a low cry and a fall.

Digitized by Google

And then came a day when the doctor went home, for the truth was avowed;
And I knew that my hands, which had rocked her in childhood, would fashion her shroud:
I knew we should tenderly carry and lay her where many more lie—
Ah, why will the girls love and marry, when men are not worthy?—ah, why?
She lay there a-dying, our Skeeta: not e'en did she stir at my kiss:
In the next world, perchance, we may greet her; but never, ah, never in this!

Like the last breath of air in a gully, that sighs as the sun slowly dips,
To the knell of a heart beating dully her soul struggled out on her lips;
But she lifted great eyelids and pallid, while once more beneath them there glowed
The fire of old Love, as she rallied at sound of hoofs out on the road.
They rang sharp and clear on the metal: they ceased at the gate in the lane:
A pause! and we heard the beats settle in long, swinging cadence again.
With a rattle, a rush, and a clatter, the rider came down by the store,
And neared us; but what did it matter? he never pulled rein at the door;

Digitized by Google

But over the brow of the hill he sped on with a low, muffled roll—
'T was only young Smith on his filly: he passed—and so too did her soul.

Weeks after, I went down one morning to trim the white rose that had grown
And clasped, with its tender adorning, the plain little cross of white stone.
In the lane dusty drovers were wheeling dull cattle, with turbulent sound;
But I paused as I saw a man kneeling, with his forehead pressed low on the mound.

Already he 'd heard me approaching; and slowly I saw him up-rise
And move away, sullenly slouching his cabbage-tree over his eyes.
I never said anything to him as he mounted his horse at the gate:
He did n't know me; but I knew him—the husband who came back, too late!

BARCROFT BOAKE.

THE CURRENCY LASS.

THEY marshalled her lovers four and four,
A drum at their head, in the days of old:
O, none could have guessed their hearts were sore;
They marched with such gayness in scarlet and gold.

Digitized by Google

They came to the dance place on the hill
Where Death was the piper (he pipes full well!);
They grounded their arms and stood stock-still;
And just why he sorrowed no one would tell.

O, some had been wed in distant lands,
And sweethearts had others—but let that pass;
She held them at ease in snow-white hands,
For Queen over all was the Currency Lass.

They ushered her forth in all her charms—
Her eyes were alight and as gold her hair;
She looked on the men and oped her arms—
What wonder if then they had wished them there?

She hearkened the Preacher, thin and pale;
His voice was as frost, yet his words were wise;
But sin on the soul is like wrought mail,
And only a scorn of him fired her eyes.

"O, sorrow and pray! the hour draws nigh,
The Lord in His justice shall question thee!"
The Preacher made prayer 'twixt sob and sigh,
And down dropped his soul on bended knee.

"He fashioned thee fair"—a sideways look—
"Red lipped and right royal to look upon,
A joy of the Earth"—his thin hands shook,
And passionate lights in his deep eyes shone.

Digitized by Google

In scarlet and gold her lovers stood,
A host under famine with heads out-thrust;
Keen-flamed in the sun ran reddest blood
And lips that were thirsty grew dry as dust.

They loved her for years—their tangled souls
Like silvery fish in her beauty-mesh
All breathless reposed . . . A dull drum rolls,
And Death is at hand for the Flower of Flesh.

She lifted her head for one love-word
(Afar was a clamour of new-come ships),
Her hair in a cloud the low wind stirred,
And silent they marvelled at her red lips.

"A lover was I from youth," she said;
"And Love is my lord till I fill the grave"—
Then coyly she drooped her gold-haired head—
"Now, last of my lovers, a kiss I crave!"

The Preacher was whirled in Passion's rout,
And dark was the stain on his soul's white snow:
Her lips were as life—his soul leapt out,
And sure there was laughter in Hell below!

"A singer was I these years," she said,
"And so I must sing till my soul doth pass."
Then forth from her sin-sweet lips there sped
The long-dead song of the Currency Lass.

Digitized by Google

The hands of the spoiler touch her throat;
The noon grows near and the last sands run:
(Still over the scene her wild words float)
The noose is ready, the song is done.

"A dancer was I from birth," she said;
"A baby, I danced on my mother's knee;
Now whistle a jig, with swaying head,
And lovers of mine, I will dance for ye!"

Stood each with a droop, a cheated man,
While Sorrow went weaving an ice-cold spell . . .
Good-bye to the world! The dance began
With Death for the piper—he piped full well!

RODERIC QUINN.

THE CONFIDENTIAL JOCKEY.

NO, I would n't sell 'er, Mister.
Wot 's the good of talkin' rot!
She 's the mare, is dat dere neddy,
Dat 'as brought me all I got.

I was ridin' den for Bostock
(Confidential boy, you know)—
Leery bloke he was, old Bostock,
And he knowed a t'ing or so.

Digitized by Google

He 'd a stable full of good 'uns,
And a bloke 'ud never know
Which of 'em he meant to stiffen,
Or on which 'is money 'd go.

Sometimes I 'd be on de winner,
Sometimes would n't 'ave a place;
And I 'd never know my dooty
Until jist before de race;

Jist before de field was ready,
Mister Bostock 'e would come,
And he 'd walk around de neddy,
And 'e 'd "'ah!" and "'aw!" and "'um!"

And he'd feel about de shoulder,
And de fetlock and de knee,
And he 'd tink de matter over
Till at last 'e 'd say to me:

"Wot you tink about 'im, Brickey?
You 're de bloke dat orter know."
And I 'd answer: "Mister Bostock,
We can only 'ave a go."

"Why," he 'd say, "dey 've 'andicapped 'im
Till he 'as n't got a show!"
Den he 'd walk away disgusted,
And I 'd know de cake was dough.

Digitized by Google

Or he 'd say: "She 's worth a ticket,"
With a leery kind er grin,
And I 'd know 'is stuff was on 'er,
And I 'd got to try and win.

Well, we had a mare in trainin'
Dat I always used to ride;
And I knew she was a clinker,
Though she never had been tried;

So my bit 'ud go upon 'er,
But I 'd always drop de same,
Till I used to t'ink and wonder
"Wot de 'ell 's 'is little game?"

Till it struck me all a sudden—
Like a dagger in me 'eart,
"He 's a-waitin' somethink 'andsome,
And de Melbin Cup 's 'is dart."

So I 'eld me tongue, and bli-me!
When de weights was out I saw
Dat I 'ad de biggest monte
Dat I ever 'ad before.

Den I socked me bit upon 'er—
Ev'ry tray-bit I could bring;
Popped me watch, and made de missus
Go and pawn 'er weddin' ring.

Digitized by Google

Day and night she cried about it,
But I always used to say—
"It's the biggest bloomin' monte
Dat 'as ever come our way."

Well, when all was fair and ready,
I was sittin' like a ghost,
Waitin' till de boss 'ud come and
Let me git 'er to de post.

When de field wos doin' gallops
Mr. Bostock out 'e comes,
And 'e walks around about 'er,
And 'e "'ums!" and "'aws!" and "'ums!"

And 'e walks around about 'er,
And 'e walks around again . . .
And, so 'elp me God! 'e tells me:
"Brickey, she can never win!"

"Never win! Yer mean to tell me
Dat," I sez. "Yer bloomin' cow,
Don't you make no error 'bout it,
She 's a cutter for it now."

And she was a daisy cutter,
For I rid and lay in wait;
And I took 'em round de turnin',
And I led 'em up de straight.

Digitized by Google

And I scoots along de fences,
  And a-past de post we flies,
And I sits 'er all a-tremble,
  With de tear-drops in me eyes.

. . . . .

Yes, I 'm doin' pretty middlin',
  And I 'm layin' up de gonce . . .
Dat ole bloke about de stables?
  Dat was Mr. Bostock once!

FRANCIS KENNA.

HOW WE WON THE RIBBON.

COME and look around my office—
  Floors are littered, walls are hung
With the treasures and the trophies
  Of the days when I was young;
Rusty spur and snaffle idle,
Polo-stick and gun and bridle,
  In a sweet confusion flung.

There 's my saddle when a rover—
  (That 's the bridle hanging up)
Queensland-built—a Lachlan drover
  Swopped me for a Kelpie pup.
By the Lord, it makes one ponder
When one thinks those spurs up yonder
  Helped to win the Mulga Cup!

Digitized by Google

There's the bar I used on Wyndham
  On the day you watched him "clear"
With the four-in-hand behind him—
  Yet they 'll say it's too severe.
See that bunch of faded ribbon?
It belongs to Jock M'Kibbon,
  But he always leaves it here.

And there's just a little story
  Hanging to that bunch of blue;
I'm not claiming any glory
  When I spin the yarn to you—
Yarns go best when pipes are glowing;
Here's tobacco; set her going—
  And remember this is *true* . . .

Pearl of price for hunter's duty
  Was the grey mare Heart's Desire,
With the Snowdons' strength and beauty
  And a dash of Panic fire;
And I never knew her failing
At a dyke, a ditch, or paling—
  She could jump her height and higher.

Now, the rider courted throwing
  Who would touch her with the spurs
When the Snowdon mare got going
  With that sweeping stride of hers;
She was restless, hot, and heady;
She had smashed one man already,
  And the fright had made her worse.

Digitized by Google

But her owner, nothing fearing,
  Brave as ever man could be,
Saw the yearly Show was nearing
  While he nursed a crippled knee;
So he called me, did M'Kibbon:
"We 've a mortgage on the ribbon—
  Will you ride the mare for me?"

. . . . . .

They had sent their speedy sprinters
  Round the fences, one by one,
And the air was thick with splinters
  Till you could n't see the sun;
Such a striking, swerving, baulking!
Saddles empty, riders walking!
  Not a round was cleanly done.

And the grey mare, Heart's Desire,
  Stood and watched and seemed to know;
Fretted when they galloped by her,
  Tossed her lean head to and fro;
Then they called to me, "Get ready!"
And M'Kibbon whispered, "Steady. . . !"
  But the crowd yelled, "*Let her* GO!!"

Now, beyond the five-foot palings,
  As I set the mare a-swing,
From below the grand-stand railings
  Someone's child crept in the ring.
And we never saw the youngster
Till the mare was right against her
  Shortening stride to make the spring!

Digitized by Google

So I loosed her head and drove her
With the red spurs ripping wild;
It was take the lot—and *over*—
Or God help the tiny child!
And I watched as though in dreaming
Where the snow-white dress was gleaming,
And the babe looked up and smiled!

But I knew the mare I rode on—
Could a leap be found too far
For the quarters of old Snowdon
And the heart of Blazing Star?
Here she had the chance to show me—
And the shod hoofs flashed below me,
Half a yard above the bar!

Then the dust-clouds! *Had we cleared her?*
Then the light shock as we land;
Then—the crowd stood up and cheered her
On the ring fence and the stand;
But my brain was sick and spinning
And I slung my chance of winning
As I took the mare in hand.

But they crowded round to hold her,
And they tied the badge of blue
In a knot upon her shoulder
That they dared me to undo!
So I left the prize upon her,
And I think she won the honour
When she saved the lives of two.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

HOW WE WON THE RIBBON.

"Then the dust-clouds—had we cleared her?"

[*To face Page 186.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

And I journey Life's gay road on,
  But I linger when I pass
Where the best and gamest Snowdon
  Takes her last sleep in the grass
With the wattle-boughs above her;
And when others toast a lover
  Then I pledge her in my glass.

Now, they reckon me a rider
  In the showyard and the shire,
But I never faced a wider
  Jump, a tougher or a higher
Since I rode for Jock M'Kibbon
On the day we won the ribbon
  With the grey mare, Heart's Desire.

WILL OGILVIE.

A TWISTED IDYL.

Charteris, the artist with the lovely wife,
A casual friend of mine, told me the story
In a chance mood of careless confidence . . .

AMONG the privileges of my youth,
  Two girls I knew. One of them loved me; one
I loved. So very comely were these two,
So fair, so young, I was half-pitiful
And more (I think) than half-contemptuous
Of my poor heart that could not shelter both.

Digitized by Google

Madge (who loved *me*) was tender, trustful, true,
Bewitching in her modest grace; and Nell
(She whom I loved) was petulant, self-willed,
Feigning no fealty to Love, no care
For those Love vanquished. So it came that each
Was natural foil to the other.

Madge was fair—
Fair as a harvest morning. Her sweet eyes
Suggested shaded corn-flowers touched with dew,
Or that cool corner of the dawning's sky
Remotest from the jocund sun. Her hair
Was like the sun itself, or like the sun
Seen through a crystal cup of amber wine.
She neither bound nor braided it; it fell
In a soft-rippling wealth of fleeciest gold
Careless about her shoulders, here and there
Touched with a coppery tint that brightened it
And made its gold the richer. At her neck
And round the wee pink ears, more dainty than
Shells of the happy Islands, vagrant tresses
Curled crisply into ringlets which (although
Dear modest Madge had blushed to dream of it)
Were clamorous for kisses. Her soft lips,
Fresh as the bloom on early dewberries,
Were sweet and maidenly, nor skimp nor full;
Her teeth's pure ivory peeped demurely through
them—
Ah, God! the kindest mouth in all the world,
And quite the purest! Then the dear girl's head

Digitized by Google

(So wealthily adorned) was finely poised
On perfect shoulders. Even in her teens,
Madge was full-bosomed; even in her teens,
She had a certain gracious motherliness
Which made all children love her, and all men
Love children for her sake, and her for theirs.
And when men saw her, natural desire
Of the fair girl's bright beauty straight was crushed
Back, as a something in its essence base,
So sweetly pure and purely sweet she was . . .
And this girl loved me, though I loved her not,
Save as a decorative incident,
As men love charming women within their reach
And yet respected. Had she hidden her love
Beneath some guise of scorn or coquetry,
It might have won me, perhaps; one never knows.
But though she ne'er by conscious sign or glance
Revealed it, it lay plain. I recognised it
By many infallible signs. I pitied her;
And loved myself the better, pitying her;
And by that double pity loved Nell more.

Nell was a wisp of girl—tall, willowy, slight;
What the keen French call *svelte;* no other word
So well describes her. Dark as Night she was,
And bright as noonday. Her disturbing eyes
Were wells of inky blackness, but aswim
With all the poisoned light of all the world.
Her mouth?—it seemed that ages of desire,
Legions of lovers' heats, had blossomed there

Digitized by Google

Into the perfect flower of passion and
All ardour's concentrate. Her lips were full,
And curled like those of Walter Crane's ideal;
Always a little apart, as though they feared
To touch each other's fires. Her nose was small,
Wide at the nostrils, just a shade *retroussé*,
As Love would have it. Hair a trifle coarse,
But lustrous and abundant, odorous of
Herself,—her self whose every charm combined
To make her matchlessly desirable.
Her every line breathed passion and allurement,
From the proud head to the small, high-arched feet,
Piquant and most provocative.

I saw her
For the first time (the night she maddened me
To such a love as shook me half to death)
In evening-dress—that wanton garb in which
Our modest women ape immodesty,
And so wield weapons which they wot not of;
Trick-out their charms for market, as it were:
Our curious modern women! . . . But, of Nell.
Her arms were bare to the shoulders. Exquisite arms,
As lithe as Hebe's, dimpled at the elbows
And at the wrists, ending in small, ringed hands—
Small tyrannous hands which straightway clutched my heart
And sealed my thraldom. Her small breasts were bare

Digitized by Google

Almost to the nipples, in the modern way:
Impertinent breasts jutting to right and left
As though in cool derision of beholders;
And as her lissom form swayed in the dance
I stood and watched her. Then I danced with her
(Five minutes introduced), and at the end
Of that first dance I told her that I loved her.
She was not shocked nor in the least surprised,
But laughed quite frankly in my face, and laughed
My hopes to scorn with queenly-soft contempt.
So I (no babe with women) set out to win her,
And put my soul into the chase. I played
Relentlessly on all her nerves, her moods,
Her dormant passionateness. I studied her,
And whetted her caprices to appease them.
I marked her tastes; I wooed her mind to paths
Where maidens' minds may feed on dangerous sweets.
I stirred her blood with tales of war and death.
I stirred her pulse with tales of life and love.
With such success did I conduct the siege
That presently she thought she loved me;
And I observed her thought, and counted One!
So I went on, with all the subtle art
That men learn—from the Devil, possibly;
But from the modern world, at anyrate.
I, who was godlike in my plans, was still
Doglike in my devotion. Thus the days
Passed quickly, and I saw that every day
Her eyes grew brighter at my coming, and

Digitized by Google

Her voice thrilled to a new note, tremulous,
Half-timid, all unlike herself; and then
I knew she loved me, and I thought she knew
I knew she loved me; and I was content.
For, when I spoke my love again, she flung
Weeping into my arms; but in a little
Turned up that glorious mouth to my first kiss . . .
Dear man! some moments make it worth the while
To live, though life end in the bitterness
Of Hell and an eternity of pain.

The story? That's the story. Just, you see,
The ordinary idyl, somewhat twisted,
In just the ordinary way.
The sequel?
Oh, in the end of course I married Nell.
And in the end of course I loved dear Madge,
Who is not married yet.
And Nell, my wife?
Oh, she loves me—(what is the vulgar phrase?)—
Worships the ground I tread on. . . Just, you see,
The ordinary idyl intertwisted.

FRANK MORTON.

Digitized by Google

THE TUGS OF SIMPSONVILLE.

HE was dirty, dark and artful, and they called him
"Saltbush Bill,"
But we didn't recognise him when he came to Simpsonville;
It's a sort of one-horse township out beyond the Cobar
track,
Where the sun's a perfect scorcher, and the dust would
choke a black!
Hot? Great Scott!
It was Hell, with some improvements; worse than Booligal,
a lot!

Saltbush Bill arrived at sundown; called for "Hennessy's
three-star,"
And he shouted for the jackeroos a-standing in the bar,
And he introduced the subject when he'd liquored up.
Says he:
"I'm no English duke or nobleman a-tracking round; not
me!
Shout? No doubt!
But I ain't a bloomin' squatter nor a shearer just cut out!

"I'm in Simpsonville on business, and I claim to represent
The most wonderful neuralgia cure that any could invent,
And it's known as 'Brown's Neuralgia Dice'; the price a
bob a die,

Digitized by Google

And you rub it where the pain is, and the pain is bound to fly!
Sell? oh well,
Just you wait till I have finished, and you 'll have a chance to tell!"

Then he brings a pickle-bottle and he puts it on the bar;
(It was full of peas and fastened down) and says: "Now, there you are!
I 'm the liberalest bagman that was ever on the rounds;
If you guess how many peas is there you get five blanky pounds!
Fair? *and* square!
And the nearest guess will get the gonce as sure as you are there!"

Well, of course we goes to rush it, but he says: "One moment there!
I am no escaped loo*nat*ic nor eccentric millionaire!
I 'm no travelling convalescent, and I ain't been very ill,
Nor come to view the scenery surrounding Simpsonville!
Yes! you guess,
But you have to buy a bob's worth of the cure! Well, here 's success!

"Now I want a hundred guesses, which will make the fiver sure,
And the landlord holds the money just to see you all secure,
And I leave a hundred samples of the cure inside the bar,

Digitized by Google

Which he sells, and pays the money to the winner. There you are!
Me? I'll gee!
I must introduce the remedy in other towns, you see!"

In the morning came a swaggie with "Matilda" 'cross the flat,
Whom we recognised immediate as a bloke called Jack the Rat;
And he listened to the story, then went over to the store
And he bought dry peas in bagfuls till there was n't any more.
Rot? 'T was not!
Why you have n't got a notion what a head that bloke had got!

Now it first struck Joe the Spieler it would be as good as gold,
For to get a pickle-bottle and see just what it would hold.
He was always on for pointing, and as artful as you please;
But he went all round the township, and he could n't get no peas!
See? Not a pea!
It was just the same with Jackson, and with Dogherty and me!

And the bobs they kept on coming in; the time was drawing nigh;
Joe was savage, so was Dogherty and Jackson, so was I!
Spare me days, I think the lot of us was looking after peas!

Digitized by Google

When one day I meets that Jack the Rat as simple as you please.

"Me? Got peas?"

"Yes, I'll sell you, at two bob a pint, as many as you please!"

It was something like six times the price, but what was I to do?

So I bought and found out afterwards that others bought 'em too.

Jack the Rat was so delighted with his honest trade's success

That he shouted for a dozen, and he also took a guess.

Swear? Well, there,

It would simply freeze the marrow in a bullock-driver's hair!

When we had the bottle opened, it was not half-full of peas,

For a corncob in the centre took the space up, if you please!

And the clever blokes who measured, they were out by half a mile;

It was Jack the Rat who won it, and he wore a peaceful smile!

Toast? Great Ghost!

In about a week the landlord got a letter by the post.

"We had things to do in Melbourne, so we thought we'd get away,

But desire, as we are leaving, most respectfully to say

Digitized by Google

That we're thankful for the kindness of the tugs of Simpsonville,
And remain, yours most respectful, Jack the Rat *and Saltbush Bill.*"

Catch 'em? No hope!

And the "remedy" was little squares cut out of bars of soap!

W. T. GOODGE.

THE SICK CAB-RIDER.

JUST shake my pillows up a bit, and take the rocking-chair,
The cough's not half so bad to-day, so I'm feeling pretty fair;
Not as I used to feel, of course, in the days of old lang syne,
When we didn't "cab-it" home until the sun began to shine.

What nights we had together, Bert! the hours were ten till four
A.m., deah boy; a.m., by Jove! and sometimes rather more.
We burnt the candle then both ends, and never snuffed the wicks;
We started off with squashes straight, but soon began to mix.

Digitized by Google

Open the window wide—that's right!—the room gets
rather warm.
Ah, Bert! if I were well again, back in my summer form,
I'd play you billiards, fifty-up, and think it fun to lose,
Or take a turn down Collins-street in patent leather shoes.

I dressed myself last Sunday week: *that*'s bound to make
you smile;
The pants hung loose and—well, the coat was not the
latest style;
'T was nine months since I'd had it home, the collar
seemed so strange,
Cut differently to yours. Heigho! how soon the fashions
change!

What was I saying, though? Ah, yes! the nights we had,
my word!
To be in bed at sunrise, Bert, is awfully absurd;
When the light comes stalking in my room, I'm often
wide awake,
And I sigh to be about again, for pretty Flossie's sake.

She misses me, I bet she does; you know what women
are;
She liked me best of all the boys who patronised her bar;
Although we kept the house up late she did n't once com-
plain,
Except that night when Phil got "tight" and would n't
shout champagne.

Digitized by Google

Poor Floss! I used to send her flowers, the choicest
things in bloom:
You never saw her wear 'em—true, she put them in her
room.
Syd. Saunders had a notion that she gave them all away,
But I'm sure she always kept 'em, for she *told* me so one day.

She did n't mind my teasing her, I never made her mad—
What hair! my word! what splendid teeth, and what a
bust she had!
She would have let me kiss her once, I think—in fact,
no doubt—
If she hadn't been so frightened that the "boss" might be
about.

We sowed some wild oats, *rather*—yes, by Jove! we
sowed a crop,
Do you recollect those darlings at the tea-and-coffee shop?
Nice girls; the little fair one, not the youngest (*she was
dark*),
Pinched my arm last time I saw her, on the vaccination-
mark.

Have a cigarette, old fellow!—in that box you 'll find a
few—
And tell me, how 's the chorus? Have you spotted some-
thing new,
Or is your heart still constant to the one you mashed that
night
From the stage-box? You remember, she was dressed in
blue and white.

Digitized by Google

You love her still—you terror! and she's smiling just the same;
You ought to try to meet her, Bert, and find out what's her name.
My mash, you know, was Maud de Vaux, she mostly played the page.
It's hard to have to die before I've seen her *off* the stage.

But I must n't make you gloomy, with this talk about the past—
They were awf'ly jolly times, and I was awf'ly jolly fast.
I must contemplate the present: here we are in "budding Spring,"
And I don't think my pyjamas are at all the proper thing.

They are beastly winter patterns, and the buttons, too, are brutes;
As a favour, deah old fellow, choose me half-a-dozen suits;
Let the stripes be bright and lively, but not, of course, too wide—
And I think I'd like the jackets with a pocket either side.

They'll *last me out*: yes, Bertie, they'll last me out, I know:
What's the odds! I'm only going where all other johnnies go.
I've been reading Gordon's poems—wish the book was better bound—
And they've set me almost longing to be underneath the ground.

Digitized by Google

I took my whack of pleasure, and I sometimes felt a pain;
Perhaps I'd knock off smoking if I had to live again,
But I've no regrets to speak of; there's a heavy tailor's bill,
And *that* my aunt will settle when I'm lying cold and still.

Suppose you must be toddling, if you promised Kate you 'd call—
A doosid fetching filly, though her eyes are rather small;
I'd like to stroll down with you for an hour, one afternoon:
I would lean across the counter, and, by Jingo! *how* I'd spoon.

Good-bye! you must n't mind my tears—good-bye, so glad you came;
Remember me to all the girls I used to know by name,
And raise your hat to Flossie, whom I nevermore may see—
Yes, raise your hat to pretty Floss, and kiss your hand—*for me.*

EDMUND FISHER.

Digitized by Google

TAMBAROORA.

WE was playin' tambaroora for a shandy;
There was nine of us, an' Murphy had the hat;
An' he shook it with a twist that knocked us bandy,
Sayin', "Ivery mahn is heads; now luk at that!
Thim noine heads," says he, "will take a lot o' batin'!"
An' he smiled aloud to think the pool was his;
But when Doolan yelled, "Hould on! there's only eight in!"
Consternation spread all over Murphy's phiz.

Then he shook the hat again, and searched the linin':
Doolan took the lamp and looked about the floor,
While the chorus from all hands went, "I put mine in!"
Murphy's language fairly cracked the cedar door.
"Well," says Doolan, thinkin' mighty hard about it,
As he turned the cady inside-out ag'in,—
„ Well," says he, "there's one too little—divil doubt it!
Now I wonder who the blazes put it in!"

BENDEE.

Digitized by Google

TAMBAROORA.

"Shure," says he, "there's one too little—divil doubt it!
Now I wondher who the blazes put it in!"

[*To face Page 202.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FATHER RILEY'S HORSE.

'TWAS the horse-thief Andy Regan that was hunted like a dog
By the troopers of the Upper Murray side;
They had searched in every gully—they had looked in every log,
But never sight or track of him they spied
Till the priest at Kiley's crossing heard a knocking very late,
And a whisper, "Father Riley—come across!"
So his Reverence, in pyjamas, trotted softly to the gate
And admitted Andy Regan—and a horse!

"Now, it's listen, Father Riley, to the words I've got to say,
For it's close upon my death I am to-night;
With the troopers hard behind me I've been hiding all the day
In the gullies, keeping close and out of sight.
But they're watching all the ranges till there's not a bird could fly,
And I'm fairly worn to pieces with the strife;
So I'm taking no more trouble, but I'm going home to die—
'T is the only way I see to save my life!

Digitized by Google

"Yes, I'm making home to mother's, and I'll die a
Toosday next,
And be buried on the Thursday—and of course,
I'm prepared to meet my penance, but with one thing
I'm perplexed,
And it's—Father, it's this jewel of a horse!
He was never bought nor paid for, and there's not a man
can swear
To his owner or his breeder, but I know
That his sire was by Pedantic from the old Pretender
mare,
And his dam was close related to the Roe.

"And there's nothing in the district that can race him
for a step;
He could canter while they're going at their top.
He's the king of all the leppers that was ever seen to lep
A five-foot fence—he'd clear it in a hop!
So I'll leave him with you, Father, till the dead shall rise
again;
'T is yourself that knows a good 'un; and, of course,
You can say he's got by Moonlight out of Paddy
Murphy's plain,
If you're ever asked the breeding of the horse.

"But it's getting on to daylight, and it's time to say
good-bye
For the stars above the east are growing pale;
And I'm making home to mother; and it's hard for me
to die!

Digitized by Google

But it's harder still in keeping out of gaol!
You can ride the old horse over to my grave across the dip
Where the wattle bloom is waving overhead.
Sure he'll jump them fences easy; you must never raise the whip
Or he'll rush 'em! now good-bye!"—and he had fled.

So they buried Andy Regan, and they buried him to rights,
In the graveyard at the back of Kiley's Hill.
There were five and twenty mourners who had five and twenty fights,
Till the very boldest fighters had their fill.
There were fifty horses racing from the graveyard to the pub,
And their riders flogged each other all the while.
And the lashins of the liquor! and the lavins of the grub!
Oh! poor Andy went to rest in proper style.

Then the races came to Kiley's—with a steeplechase and all,
For the folk were mostly Irish round about,
And it takes an Irish rider to be fearless of a fall;
They were training morning in and morning out.
But they never worked their horses till the sun was on the course,
For a superstitious story kept 'em back,
That the ghost of Andy Regan, on a slashing chestnut horse,
Had been training by the starlight on the track.

Digitized by Google

And they read the nominations for the races with surprise
And amusement at the Father's little joke,
For a novice had been entered for the steeplechasing prize,
And they found that it was Father Riley's moke!
He was neat enough to gallop, he was strong enough to stay,
But his owner's views of training were immense.
For the Reverend Father Riley used to ride him every day,
And he never saw a hurdle nor a fence.

And the priest would join the laughter—"Oh," said he, "I put him in,
And there's five and twenty sovereigns to be won.
And the poor would find it useful if the chestnut chanced to win,
And he'll maybe win when all is said and done!"
He had called him Faugh-a-ballagh, which is French for "Clear the course,"
And his colours were a vivid shade of green.
All the Dooleys and O'Donnells were on Father Riley's horse,
While the Orangemen were backing Mandarin!

It was Hogan the dog-poisoner—old man and very wise—
Who was camping in the racecourse with his swag,
And who ventured the opinion, to the township's great surprise,
That the race would go to Father Riley's nag.

Digitized by Google

"You can talk about your riders—and the horse has not
been schooled—
And the fences is terrific, and the rest!
When the field is fairly going, then ye'll see ye've all
been fooled,
And the chestnut horse will battle with the best.

"For there's some has got condition, and they think the
race is sure,
And the chestnut horse will fall beneath the weight;
But the hopes of all the helpless, and the prayers of all
the poor,
Will be running by his side to keep him straight.
And what's the need of schoolin' him or workin' on the
track
Whin the saints are there to guide him round the course!
I've prayed him over every fence—I've prayed him out
and back!
And I'll bet my cash on Father Riley's horse!"

. . . . . .

Oh, the steeple was a caution! They went tearin' round
and round,
And the fences rang and rattled where they struck,
There was some that cleared the water; there was more
fell in and drowned;
Some blamed the men and others blamed the luck!
But the whips were flying freely when the field came into
view
For the finish down the long green stretch of course,

Digitized by Google

And in front of all the flyers—jumping like a kangaroo,
Came the rank outsider—Father Riley's horse!

Oh, the shouting and the cheering as he rattled past the post!
For he left the others standing in the straight;
And the rider—well they reckoned it was Andy Regan's ghost,
And it beat 'em how a horse could draw the weight!
But he weighed it—nine stone seven, then he laughed and disappeared
Like a Banshee (which is Spanish for an elf),
And old Hogan muttered sagely, "If it wasn't for the beard
They'd be thinking it was Andy Regan's self!"

And the poor of Kiley's Crossing gave their thanks at Christmas-tide
To the chestnut and his jockey dressed in green.
There was never such a rider—not since Andy Regan died—
And they puzzled who on earth it could have been.
But they settled it among 'em—for the story got about,
'Mongst the bushmen and the people on the course—
That the Devil had been ordered to let Andy Regan out
For the steeplechase on Father Riley's horse!

A. B. PATERSON.

Digitized by Google

O'TOOLE AND M'SHARRY.

(A LACHLAN IDYLL.)

IN the valley of the Lachlan, where the perfume from the pines
Fills the glowing summer air like incense spreading;
Where the silent flowing river like a bar of silver shines
When the winter moon its pallid beams is shedding;
In a hut on a selection, near a still and silent pool,
Lived two mates, who used to shear and fence and carry;
The one was known, both near and far, as Dandy Dan O'Toole,
And the other as Cornelius M'Sharry.

And they'd share each other's blankets, and each other's horses ride,
And go off together shearing in the summer;
They would canter on from sunrise to the gloaming, side by side,
While M'Sharry rode the Barb and Dan the Drummer.
And the boys along the Lachlan recognised it as a rule
From Eugowra to the plains of Wanandarry,
That if ever love was stronger than M'Sharry's for O'Toole
T was the love O'Toole extended to M'Sharry.

Digitized by Google

And their love might have continued and been constant
to the end,
And they might have still been affable and jolly,
But they halted at a shanty where the river takes a bend,
And were waited on by Doolan's daughter, Polly.
Now, this pretty Polly Doolan was so natty, neat and cool,
And so pleasant, that they both agreed to tarry,
For she winked her dexter eye-lid at susceptible O'Toole,
While she slyly winked the other—at M'Sharry.

So they drank her health in bumpers till the rising of the
moon,
And she had them both in bondage so completely
That each time they talked of going she said, "*Must* you
go so soon?"
And they could n't go. She smiled at them so sweetly.
Dan O'Toole grew sentimental and M'Sharry played the
fool,
Though they each had sworn an oath they 'd never marry,
Yet the self-same dart from Cupid's bow that vanquished
Dan O'Toole
Had gone through the heart of honest Con M'Sharry.

Then M'Sharry thought if Dandy Dan got drunk and
went to bed,
He (M'Sharry) could indulge his little folly,
And Dan thought if M'Sharry once in drunken sleep lay
spread,
He could have a little flirt with pretty Polly;

Digitized by Google

So they kept the bottle going till they both were pretty full,
And yet each rival seemed inclined to tarry;
The precise amount of pain-killer it took to fill O'Toole
Was required to close the optics of M'Sharry.

So the rivals lost their tempers, and they called each other names,
And disturbed the Doolan children from their pillows,
And then Doolan came and told them that he would n't have such games,
They must go and fight it out beneath the willows.
So they went beneath the willows, near a deep and shady pool,
With as much inside as each of them could carry,
And M'Sharry started thumping the proboscis of O'Toole,
And O'Toole retaliated on M'Sharry.

And they fought till they were winded, and yet neither had the best,
Though from each of them the blood was freely flowing;
And they paused at last to breathe awhile and take a moment's rest,
But O'Toole's two eyes with rage were fairly glowing;
Then without a moment's warning he charged forward like a bull,
And before poor Con had time to run or parry,
With a terrible momentum the big head of Dan O'Toole
Went bump! into the stomach of M'Sharry.

Digitized by Google

And the force of the concussion laid M'Sharry out quite still,
With his feet above his head among the bushes,
While O'Toole, with the momentum, cannoned madly down the hill,
And fell plump in the lagoon among the rushes.
Like a weedy river-god he climbed the far side of the pool,
And he did not for one single moment tarry,
For the curse of Cain was in the brain of Dandy Dan O'Toole,
Who felt certain he had settled poor M'Sharry.

Now, while Dan O'Toole was stealing through the still and silent night,
And his aching brain with pain-killer was throbbing,
M'Sharry lay and listened, till his heart stood still with fright,
And he eased his guilty soul with silent sobbing.
For he heard his boon companion falling headlong in the pool,
And he thought he was as dead as poor old Harry,
And M'Sharry mourned the drowning of poor Dandy Dan O'Toole,
While O'Toole was sadly weeping for M'Sharry.

And the valley of the Lachlan never more will know the men,
That were once so loving, frolicsome, and frisky,

Digitized by Google

For O'Toole cleared out to Queensland and was never
seen again,
While M'Sharry started south and took to whisky.
And M'Sharry, in his nightmare, often sees that fatal pool,
And the pricks of guilty conscience tries to parry;
While away among the backblocks wanders Dandy Dan
O'Toole,
Always flying from the ghost of Con. M'Sharry.

THOMAS E. SPENCER.

FACES IN THE STREET.

THEY lie, the men who tell us in a loud decisive tone
That want is here a stranger, and that misery's un-
known,
For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet
My window-sill is level with the faces in the street—
Drifting past, drifting past,
To the beat of weary feet—
While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair,
To see upon those faces stamped the marks of Want and
Care;

Digitized by Google

I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet,
In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street—
Drifting on, drifting on,
To the tread of listless feet;
I can sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

In hours before the dawning dims the starlight in the sky,
The wan and weary faces first begin to trickle by,
Increasing as the moments hurry on with morning feet,
Till like a pallid river flow the faces in the street—
Flowing in, flowing in,
To the beating of their feet—
Ah! I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

The human river dwindles when 't is past the hour of eight,
Its waves go flowing faster in the fear of being late;
But slowly drag the moments, whilst, beneath the dust and heat,
The city grinds the owners of the faces in the street—
Grinding flesh, grinding bone,
Yielding scarce enough to eat—
Oh! I sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

And then the only faces till the sun is sinking down
Are those of outside toilers and the idlers of the town,
Save here and there a face, that seems a stranger in the street,

Digitized by Google

Tells of the city's unemployed upon his weary beat—
Drifting round, drifting round,
To the scrape of restless feet—
Ah! my heart aches for the owner of that sad face in the street.

And when the hours on lagging feet have slowly dragged away,
And sickly yellow gas-lights rise to mock the going day,
Then, flowing past my window, like a tide in its retreat,
Again I see the pallid stream of faces in the street—
Ebbing out, ebbing out,
To the drag of tired feet,
While my heart is aching dumbly for the faces in the street.

And now all blurred and smirched with vice the day's sad pages end,
For while the short "large hours" towards the longer "small hours" trend,
With smiles that mock the wearer, and with words that half entreat,
Delilah pleads for custom at the corner of the street—
Sinking down, sinking down,
Battered wreck by tempests beat—
A dreadful, thankless trade is hers, that Woman of the Street.

Digitized by Google

But, ah! to dreader things than these our fair young
city comes,
For in its heart are growing thick the filthy dens and
slums,
Where human forms shall rot away in sties for swine
unmeet,
And ghostly faces shall be seen unfit for any street—
Rotting out, rotting out,
For lack of air and meat—
In dens of vice and horror that are hidden from the
street.

I wonder would the avarice of wealthy men endure
Were all the windows level with the faces of the Poor?
Ah! Mammon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your
hearts in terror beat,
When God demands a reason for the sorrows of the
street!
The wrong things and the bad things
And the sad things that we meet
In the filthy lane and alley, and the cruel, heartless street.

I left the dreadful corner where the steps are never
still,
And sought another window overlooking gorge and
hill;
But when the night came dreary with the driving rain and
sleet,

Digitized by Google

They haunted me—the shadows of those faces in the street,
Flitting by, flitting by,
Flitting by with noiseless feet,—
And with cheeks but little paler than those real in the street.

Once I cried: "Oh, God Almighty! if Thy might doth still endure,
Now show me in a vision, for the wrongs of Earth, a cure."
And lo! with shops all shattered, I beheld a city's street,
And in the waning distance heard the tramp of many feet,
Coming near, coming near,
To a drum's dull distant beat,
And soon I saw the army that was marching down the street.

And, like a swollen river that has burst o'er bank and wall,
The human flood came pouring with the red flags over all!
And kindled eyes all blazing bright with revolution's heat!
And flashing swords reflecting rigid faces in the street
Pouring on, pouring on,
To a drum's loud threatening beat,
And the war-hymns and the cheering of the people in the street.

Digitized by Google

And so 't will be while aye the world goes rolling round
its course,
The warning pen shall write in vain, the warning voice
grow hoarse,
But not until a city feels red revolution's feet
Shall its sad people miss awhile the terrors of the street—
The dreadful everlasting strife
For scarcely clothes and meat
In that great mill for human bones—the city's cruel street.

HENRY LAWSON.

THE BUSH MISSIONARY.

'TWAS on old M'Carson's station, near the finish of
the shearing,
We were seated round the table in the hut, playing loo;
An unrighteous occupation, nor particularly cheering,
When your tally's only middling, and your luck is
looking blue;
But there 's nothing else to do,
So it 's poker or it 's loo,
In the afternoon of Saturday on Coolabungaroo!

Jack the Rat, who did the pressing, sat outside the door
a-smoking,
And a-telling all the rouseabouts of horses he had
"broke,"

Digitized by Google

And our sorrow grew distressing at the "borak" he was poking,
When he put his head inside the hut and whispered, "Holy smoke!
Here's a sanguinary joke!"
And he chuckled fit to choke;
"Here's the lanky Scotchbyterian, the missionary bloke!"

Well, he looked to see him coming, and he "took him out o' winding,"—
He was long, and he was lanky; he was frecklesome and fair,
And a hymn he was a-humming, just as if he was n't minding,
And he asked if any shearer had a mind to cut his hair!
We could only gape and stare,
'Cause we did n't like to swear!
But the ringer said he'd do it, with a bucket for a chair!

So the ringer started quickly (with the shears he was a dandy),
But he clipped a kind of pimple and the parson gave a bound!
Then the ringer tarred it thickly and confessed he felt "unhandy"—
The position, for a shearer, "rather awkwardish" he found!
Then he downed him on the ground,
And he whipped his neck around,
And he "pinked" him like a leather-neck when squatters paid a pound!

Digitized by Google

Now the ringer'd just got through his unaccustomed
operation,
When M'Carson, who'd been mustering, arrived upon
the scene,
And the shearers they were treated to a masterly oration
By the choleric M'Carson, whose vocabulary keen,
As was easy to be seen,
Was more forcible than clean—
And remarkably distasteful to the Reverend M'Lean!

So the parson he suggested, as a means of reconciling
(Not indeed that *he* objected to the way they'd cut
his hair;)
That the parties interested should agree to his beguiling
All the station-hands and rouseabouts with services of
prayer;
Which the squatter thought was fair,
He was fond of praise and prayer!
And, the station-hands consenting, service started then
and there!

Now, the preaching it was splendid, but the shearers
jibbed at singing,
Though the squatter joined the preacher, not another
soul would sing!
Then the service was up-ended, and M'Carson's arms went
swinging,
And he raved and stamped and cursed and swore and
called us everything!

Digitized by Google

"Sing! you blanky beggars, sing!"

To face Page 220.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"*Sing, yer blanky beggars, sing!*
Make the blanky welkin ring!
WON'T YOU BLANKY SONS OF BLANKERS HELP THE BLANKY MAN TO SING!"

* * * * * *

We were sorry for the parson, though he *was* a bit erratic,
'Cause he was an all-right preacher and a decent fellow, too;
But, you see, he found M'Carson so ferociously emphatic
He concluded that the services in future would n't do.
So the shearers play at loo,
And at whisky-poker, too,
And the parson is a scarcity at Coolabungaroo!

W. T. GOODGE.

THE LAST BULLET.

SINCE the first human eyes saw the first timid stars break through heaven, and shine,
Surely never a man has bowed under the cross of a curse such as mine;
They of all the dead millions of millions whose dust whirls and flees in the wind,
Who were born sorry heirs of the hate of a Fate that is bitter and blind —

Digitized by Google

All whose lives pain has smitten with fire since God first
set the sun to its course—
What have they known of woe like to mine? what of
grief? of despair? of remorse?
Oh, to cancel one hour of my past! Oh, to shut out all
thought—to forget!
Then go forth as a leper, to die in hot wastes! Listen! . . .
Over us yet,

Her and me, in the heart of the North, hung the glamour
of love at its height,
Joy of things unperceived by the others, holy hours of
unwaning delight—
Joy of selfless devotion to each in each heart—joy of
guiding the feet
Of our babe, our one daughter, our May, by three sum-
mers of childhood made sweet.

I had dared overmuch in the battle for wealth; I had
ventured alone
Upon verdurous tracts that lay fronting the edge of a
desert unknown,
Fifty miles further out than the furthest I had chanced on
a green width of plain,
In a time when the earth was made glad with a grey
wealth of bountiful rain.

Fifty miles from Maconochie's Gap. They had warned
me. Some three years gone by,
In a night when the flames of his home reddened far up
the heights of the sky,

Digitized by Google

With a hard, ragged spear through his heart, and a tomahawk-blade in his head,
Lay the master, in death, and his wife—ah, far better had she, too, lain dead!

Dark the tale is to tell, yet it was but a cool resentment of wrong,
A fierce impulse of those who were weak for revenge upon those who were strong;
Cattle speared at the first—blacks shot down, and the blood of their babes, even, shed—
Blood that stains the same hue as our own! It is written red blood will have red.

But an organised anger of whites swept the bush with a fury unchained,
Till the feet of the trees had their dead, and the black, murdered corpses remained
Till the black, glutted crows scarce could rise from the feast at the sound of a foot,
And the far-away camps through the nights lay unlighted, and ghastly, and mute.

And the terror ran out through the tribes, and since that dismal crime had been done,
Not a dusk, stealthy savage had crossed the wide bounds of Maconochie's run.
But the white skies, in set malediction, stared at palpitant wastes that implored
For the wine of dry clouds that rose, mocking them. "Vengeance is Mine!" saith the Lord.

Digitized by Google

They had warned me. "Out yonder," they said, "there's
abundance of water and grass;
You've Brown's Ranges on one side, they draw down and
drain all the rain-clouds that pass;
(We are outside the rainy belt here) but—remember the
words we have said—
If you *will* go, take plenty of arms, and be sure to take
powder and lead!"

And I went, with my trustworthy helpers, and lived
through a desolate year
Of suspicions and vigils, and hunger for her of all dear
ones most dear;
But a year crowned with utmost successes, and crowned
above all things in this
That it brought her at last to my side, with the gift of a
new face to kiss.

And a blessedness came with her feet, and our life was an
infinite peace,
And the prospering years shed upon us a fair meed of
worldly increase;
But a thousand times better to me than large prospect of
silver and gold
Was the sumptuous love of a wife, mine for ever to have
and to hold.

O, the sting of remembering *then!* O, could madness
dishevel my mind
Till I babbled of wry, tangled things, looking neither be-
fore nor behind!

Digitized by Google

But *that* memory never will sleep, and I crouch, as the first of our race,
Not my peer in his guilt, crouched and hid from the sight of God's terrible face!

We had hardly been vexed by the blacks in our work, though, all through the first year
And the second, we stood upon guard with the disciplined earnest of fear,
But the summers and winters went by, and the wild hordes gave never a proof
Of their hate, and our vigilance slept and security came to our roof.

So, unwarned, fell the night of my doom. There was smoke in the West through the day,
And an hour after noontide the men had been mustered and sent to waylay
In its course the quick wave that might ruin, for the high grass was yellow and sere
With the withering breath of the dense, sullen heat of the last of the year.

Some had rifles to shoot kangaroo; some had not; and my darlings and I
Sat alone in the dusk near our door, with our eyes on a fringe in the sky,
Where the light of the late-sunken sun was replaced by a wide livid glow
Which pulsed high or grew pale as the fire underneath it waxed fierce or waned low.

Digitized by Google

We had spoken together, glad-voiced, of the time when
our exile would be
At an end, and our feet once again in the quiet lands over
the sea,
Till the large lovely eyes of the child felt their lids grow
despotic. She drew
To her mother, and slept in her arms, and the new-risen
moon kissed the two!

I was looking beyond them to where the broad columns
of tree-shadows slept,
Stretching west twice the length of the trees, when a
horror of something that crept,
Something blacker than shade through the shade, smote
my heart with a hammer of ice;
And with eyeballs dilated and strained, and hands
clenched with the clench of a vice,

I leaped up. But a clear, sudden whirr cleaved the night,
and with scarcely a moan
From her lips, the white soul of our child went among
the white souls at the Throne!
"To the house!" With the dead and the living, half
dead, clasped before me, I sprang
Through the strong door, and bolted and barred it, before
on the stillness out rang

One wild, volumed malignance of yells! To have light
might be death. In the dark
On the floor the poor mother groped madly about the
dead child for a spark

Digitized by Google

Of the hope of pulsation of life, till the blood that was
mine and her own,
From the boomerang-gash warmed her hands, and she
knew that we two were alone!

Yell on yell of the monsters without! crash of shutters
behind!—but I knew
How the wall that divided was built; *that*, at least, they
could never get through—
Crash of manifold blows on the door; but I knew, too,
how that had been made,
And I crawled to the corner and found my revolvers, and
hoarsely I said:

"Kiss me now, ere the worst, O Bereft!—O most stricken
and dearest of wives—
They will find out this window!—I hold in my hands but
a dozen of lives;
In the storehouse the arms are—God help us! Fold your
hands in the dark, dear, and pray!"
But she sobbed from the floor, "God forgets us, and I
have forgotten the way!"

Crash of spear through the window!—and answering flash,
with the message of lead
From my hand!—and dull answer to that of a lean demon
form falling dead!
Crash on crash of a dozen of spears!—till they lay in a
sheaf on the floor—
Red rejoinder of fire as the moonlight revealed them—
"But one bullet more!"

Digitized by Google

I had hissed to myself. But she heard me, and seizing
my arm, held it fast,
And a hard, altered voice that I knew not at once, cried,
"Hold!—*I* claim the last,
Dearest love, by *your* hand the divorce! One last kiss,
till the Infinite Life—
Once again, on my lips! *Hold it close, and . . . . remember Maconochie's wife!*"

By the white sickly gleam of the match she had bared
that true bosom, all red
With the blood of her slain one. I looked in her eyes.
"God forgive me!" I said . . .
. . . . . And the sound of a crime unexampled
was echoed outside by a sound—
Not as awful to me that dread Trump, when the time of
my sentence comes round——

Rifle-shots close at hand!—devil-cries;—counter cheers of
the voices I knew!
They were back! I was saved! . . . Lost! lost! lost!
Can the blood of the Saviour they slew
Upon Calvary's hill wash off *hers* from my hands! For
I trusted not God
To the full in the hour of my need, and my lips will not
cleave to the rod

Of His wrath, and I fall in the sand, with the weight of the
cross that I bear . . .
Who has ever gone out with a burden of crime, of
remorse, of despair

Digitized by Google

Like to this? Let me stumble to death, or through life—
it is equally well,
Doubly-damned, what can death be to me but translation
from Hell unto Hell?

JOHN FARRELL.

THE HONEYMOON TRAIN.

HARK how the chill westerly rattles the windows!
I'll draw up my chair to the side of the fire:
That new book, I fancy, must wait till to-morrow—
I'm lazy, and old eyes so easily tire.

By George! good cigar, this! Nell chose it, and lit it,
And thrust me in here till she clears things away:
A nice little dinner she gave me this evening—
Soup, fish, pâté, salad and cheese—all O.K.

Dear Nellie! Heigho, as I stare at the embers,
The years roll away down their dusty old track:
I mind well the first time I saw her—at Harry's—
Her father was dead: she was still wearing black,

All black, with an old-fashioned brooch made of silver,
And châtelaine of silver, and quaint silver belt,
She looked—how she looked! . . there, that coal in the
centre!
That's she! . . ah, the picture's beginning to melt.

Digitized by Google

In three months we married—let's see—eighteen-ninety:
Just forty years gone—how the time slips away!
The thirteenth—no, was it?—the fifteenth—yes, fifteenth:
Why, hang it! we're forty years married to-day!

Whew! *now* je comprends—all those little side glances!
Her colour, her chatter, the dress that she wore!
The wine, this cigar! why, I smelt something extra—
Old duffer I was not to see it before!

All years ago? Nonsense! it happened this morning—
The wedding, the breakfast, the table all set
And people all glaring—O Lord! they encored me!
A dream! no, I feel the rice down my back yet.

And then comes a mist, but I know at the station
I wrung the guard's hand: did he think me insane?
Then handkerchiefs waving—"Good-bye and God bless you!"
A whistle! we're off by the honeymoon train!

That journey! O, Paradise holds nothing sweeter!
(What bliss can be bought for a twelve shilling fare!)
With Nell on my knee (she got off at the stations)
Pretending to scold when I let down her hair.

And now we've arrived, and had welcome and dinner,
And Nell for a moment has gone to our room—
Our room! O delicious!—I think that's her footstep:
We'll sit—not too long—and spend love in the gloom.

Digitized by Google

"Cigar out! No gas lit!" My dear, I've been dozing! . .
How well you look, Nellie! your eyes shine again.
What, kisses! Hang grey hairs! I'm gay three-and-twenty—
God bless us! we're off by the honeymoon train.

A. G. STEPHENS.

THE MURDER-NIGHT.

THE tree-frogs sing in the rain,
The stars are caught in the pines,
The wind has fled up the lane,
And a sick man's window shines.

A loose horse neighs at the night,
A housed horse stamps in his stall;
A swallow flutters with fright,
And dies at the top of the wall.

The paddocks are striped with flood,
And under the barn-door creeps
A silent gutter of blood
In queer little jerks and leaps.

Digitized by Google

And the nested rain-drops plash
And mix with the sinful stream
That writhes in the lightning flash,
Like a snake in a fearsome dream.

And up on the bald wet hill
A gibbering madman stands,
And sniffs his horrible fill
Of the rose in his shaking hands.

HUGH M'CRAE.

A SCOTCH NIGHT.

IF you chance to strike a gathering of half-a-dozen friends
When the drink is Highland whusky or some chosen Border blends,
And the room is full of speirin' and the gruppin' of brown han's,
And the talk is all of tartans and of plaidies and of clans,—
You can take things douce and easy, you can judge you 're going right,
For you 've had the luck to stumble on a wee Scotch night!

When you 're pitchforked in among them in a sweeping sort of way
As "anither mon an' brither" from the Tweed or from the Tay;

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A SCOTCH NIGHT.

[*To face Page 233.*

Digitized by Google

When you 're taken by the oxter and you 're couped into
a chair
While someone slips a whusky in your tumbler unaware,—
Then the present seems less dismal and the future fair
and bricht,
For you 've struck Earth's grandest treasure in a guid
Scotch nicht!

When you hear a short name shouted and the same name
shouted back
Till you think in the confusion that they 've *all* been
christened Mac;
When you see a red beard flashing in the corner by the fire,
And a giant on the sofa who is six-foot three or higher,—
Before you 've guessed the colour and before you 've
gauged the height
You 'll have jumped at the conclusion it 's a braw Scotch
night!

When the red man in the corner puts his strong voice to
the proof
As he gives "The Hundred Pipers," and the chorus lifts
the roof;
When a chiel sings "Annie Laurie" with its tender, sweet
refrain
Till the tears are on their eyelids and—the drinks come
round again!
When they chant the stirring war-songs that would make
the coward fight,—
Then you 're fairly in the middle of a wee Scotch night!

Digitized by Google

When the plot begins to thicken and the band begins to play;
When every tin-pot chieftain has a word or two to say;
When they'd sell a Queensland station for a sprig of native heath;
When there's one Mac on the table and a couple underneath;
When half of them are sleeping and the whole of them are tight,—
You will know that you're assisting at a *(hic!)* Scotch night!

When the last big bottle's empty and the dawn creeps grey and cold,
And the last clan-tartan's folded and the last d——d lie is told;
When they totter down the footpath in a brave, unbroken line,
To the peril of the passers and the tune of "Auld Lang Syne";
You can tell the folk at breakfast as they watch the fearsome sicht,
"They have only been assisting at a braw Scots nicht!"

WILL OGILVIE.

Digitized by Google

For a List of
The Bulletin Publications
Please Turn Over

Digitized by Google

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Ltd.,

214 George Street, Sydney, Australia.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE BULLETIN: A Weekly Newspaper, Magazine and Review. Established 1880. The National Australian Paper. *Subscription, £1 per annum and postage.*

ON OUR SELECTION, by A. H. DAVIS ("Steele Rudd"), *6s. 8d.*

THE BULLETIN RECITER, *5s. 4d.*

FAIR GIRLS AND GRAY HORSES, WITH OTHER VERSES, by WILL H. OGILVIE, *5s. 5d.*

MAORILAND, AND OTHER VERSES, by ARTHUR ADAMS, *5s. 4d.*

THE WAYS OF MANY WATERS, by E. J. BRADY, *5s. 4d.*

THE BULLETIN STORY BOOK, *5s.*

CASTRO'S LAST SACRAMENT, AND OTHER STORIES, by ALBERT DORRINGTON, *5s.*

DREAMS IN FLOWER, by LOUISE MACK, *2s. 8d.*

A ROSE OF REGRET, by JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE, *1s. 8d.*

THE CIRCLING HEARTHS, by RODERIC QUINN, *1s. 8d.*

A QUEENSLANDER'S TRAVEL-NOTES, by A. G. STEPHENS, *1s.*

THE LAST OF SIX, by ERNEST FAVENC, *6d.*

A POLICY FOR THE COMMONWEALTH, by JAMES EDMOND, *8d.*

All these are forwarded post free on receipt of Stamps, Postal Note, or P.O.O., by the Publishers.

Digitized by Google

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Ltd.,

214 George Street, Sydney, Australia.

JUST PUBLISHED

The Bulletin Story Book.

THE BULLETIN STORY BOOK

Is the best book of stories published in Australia. It is culled from all the stories and sketches which have appeared in *The Bulletin* during twenty years.

THE BULLETIN STORY BOOK

Contains picked stories by Albert Dorrington, Louis Becke, Henry Lawson, A. B. Paterson, Arthur Davis, Louise Mack.

THE BULLETIN STORY BOOK

Contains picked stories by J. S. Evison, Roderic Quinn, John Reay Watson, Edward Dyson.

THE BULLETIN STORY BOOK

Represents the work of upwards of One Hundred Australasian Writers, serious and humorous, and, as in the case of *The Bulletin Reciter*, every author represented will share in any profits of publication.

In a handsome cloth cover; price, 5s., post-free from the Publishers.

Digitized by Google

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Ltd.,

214 George Street, Sydney, Australia.

Fair Girls and Gray Horses. By... WILL H. OGILVIE

"THE MOST CHARMING BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN VERSE."

PRESS OPINIONS OF "THE NEW ISSUE."

The Daily Telegraph, Sydney.

It speaks highly for Australian taste that in so short a period since its first publication this book has reached an issue of eight thousand copies. Lucid, clear, manly, the deep emotion which inspires many of its pages is never maudlin or beyond the warrant of its occasion. . . . A true poet in substance and form, of the kind easily understood by most, he deserves, and will achieve, still greater popularity.

Otago Witness, M.L.

He must be effete and weakly indeed whose languid senses do not quicken to the wave of love and the rhythm of galloping hoofs in Will Ogilvie's pages. . . . A very good portrait of the author forms a welcome frontispiece.

New Issue; Eighth Thousand; cloth, decorated; price, 5s. 5d., post-free from the Publishers.

On Our Selection. By... ARTHUR DAVIS ("Steele Rudd.")

"THE JOLLIEST BOOK EVER PRINTED IN AUSTRALIA."

SOME OPINIONS.

The Queenslander.

One of the best studies of selection life that Australia can ever hope to obtain. . . . Of a delightfully amusing character, and every Australian is bound to appreciate its pictures. In Queensland especially, "On Our Selection" is sure of the warmest welcome. It could not be warmer than it deserves.

An Old Irishman's Opinion, in "Flashes."

"Maggie read a chapther or two for us every night for the laasht week and I belave I laughed more in that time than I did all the years since me wife died, and that's twinty-five. Laugh! It was cryin'-laughin' I was till the tears ran down me nose."

Eighth Thousand. Cloth, decorated; with 80 Illustrations by A. J. Fischer, A. H. Fullwood, G. W. Lambert, Fred Leist, Frank Mahony, and Alf Vincent. *Price, 6s. 8d., post-free from the Publishers.*

Digitized by Google

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Ltd.,

214 George Street, Sydney, Australia.

Castro's Last Sacrament, and Other Stories.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

"THE MOST BRILLIANT SHORT STORIES PRODUCED IN AUSTRALIA."

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

"Realistic to a degree, and almost photographic in their accuracy. . . . They hold the reader by their dramatic power, and the feeling that they are pictures from life, and not merely the conjured-up dreams of a vivid imagination. Mr. Dorrington . . . shows in them a gift for characterisation and dramatic expression, savoured with the essential salt of humour, that should, with a little restraint on his exuberance, carry him far."—*Melbourne Age.*

"He has been everywhere and seen everything, and he has to no ordinary extent the power of presenting things as they seemed to him—the gift of vivid and powerful narration. . . . Contains dramatic pictures which the best of our artists in words might well envy."—*S. M. Herald.*

Cloth, decorated; 350 pages; price, 5s., post-free from the Publishers.

Maoriland, and Other Verses.

By ARTHUR H. ADAMS

"THE BEST BOOK OF MAORILAND VERSE YET PUBLISHED."

The Press, Christchurch, says: "In Mr. Arthur Adams . . . New Zealand at last finds poetic voice in the utterance of a native-born New Zealander. . . . There is no manner of doubt that Mr. Adams is a true poet. . . . He has the power of melody, the gift of fine phrase, and the imaginative insight which are involved in that honoured and honourable name."

White Buckram, gilt top; price, 5s. 4d., post-free from the Publishers.

The Ways of Many Waters.

By . . . E. J. BRADY

"THE BEST AUSTRALIAN BOOK OF SEA AND SAILOR VERSE."

The Sydney Morning Herald says: "There are a fine lilt and swing about his poems which force the attention, and he has a wonderful insight into the real inner life of sailors."

Buckram, gilt top; price, 5s. 4d., post-free from the Publishers.

Digitized by Google

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Ltd.,

214 George Street, Sydney, Australia.

THE BULLETIN BOOKLETS.

No. I.

The Hidden Tide.

By...
RODERIC QUINN

Out of print.

No. II.

A Rose of Regret.

By...
JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

"THE POETICAL UTTERANCE OF A GENTLE SCHOLAR'S SOUL."

The Australasian says: "His poems show both culture and delicacy of feeling."

Royal 8vo., enveloped; price, 1s. 8d., post-free from the Publishers.

No. III.

The Circling Hearths.

By...
RODERIC QUINN

The Age, Melbourne, says: "Mr. Roderic Quinn has already shown, in "The Hidden Tide," now out of print, the possession of much sweetness and some strength. His second collection should meet as hearty a reception as the first."

Royal 8vo., enveloped; price, 1s. 8d., post-free from the Publishers.

No. IV. (Enlarged).

Dreams in Flower.

By...
LOUISE MACK

"THE MOST DISTINGUISHED BODY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY A WOMAN IN AUSTRALIA."

Royal 8vo., enveloped; price, 2s. 8d., post-free from the Publishers.

Digitized by Google

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Ltd.,

214 George Street, Sydney, Australia.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The West Wind, by HUBERT CHURCH. (No. V. of THE BULLETIN BOOKLETS.) [*In the Press.*

Than Hubert Church there is no more graceful writer of verse in Australasia. This volume will be produced in the handsome style of previous Booklets.

A Book of Bulletin Verse. [*In Preparation.*

This will contain a selection from the best verse published in *The Bulletin* during twenty years.

The Bulletin's Book of Australia. [*In Preparation*

This will contain a selection from the paragraphs, stories, verse, and illustrations published in *The Bulletin*, classified to represent our national life from every aspect.

The Book of "Hop." [*Shortly.*

A selection of some of the best and most humorous drawings by the renowned caricaturist and cartoonist of *The Bulletin.*

Such is Life, by JOSEPH FURPHY ("Tom Collins"). [*Shortly.*

Reminiscences of life in the Riverina, with a story and a commentary—humorous, scholarly, vital, and typically Australian.

The Bulletin Picture Book. [*In Preparation.*

The Second Bulletin Story Book. [*In Preparation.*

THE BULLETIN PUBLICATIONS.

Sold by all Reputable Booksellers throughout Australasia.

SOLE DISTRIBUTING AGENTS FOR THE TRADE:
EDWARDS, DUNLOP & CO., LIMITED, SYDNEY AND BRISBANE.

SPECIAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE TRADE:

NEW SOUTH WALES: EDWARDS, DUNLOP & CO., LTD., Clarence Street, Sydney.

QUEENSLAND: EDWARDS, DUNLOP & CO., LTD., Edward Street, Brisbane.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: E. S. WIGG & SON, King William St., Adelaide.

WESTRALIA: E. S. WIGG & SON, Hay Street, Perth.

MAORILAND: WILDMAN, LYELL & AREY, Queen Street, Auckland.

Others to be appointed.

[*1st December, 1902.*

Digitized by Google

Printed and Published by William Macleod, of Botany-street, Waverley, for The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited, at the office of the Company, George-street North, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Digitized by Google

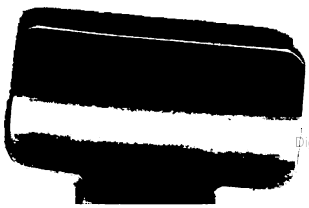
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

YB 76919



Digitized by Google